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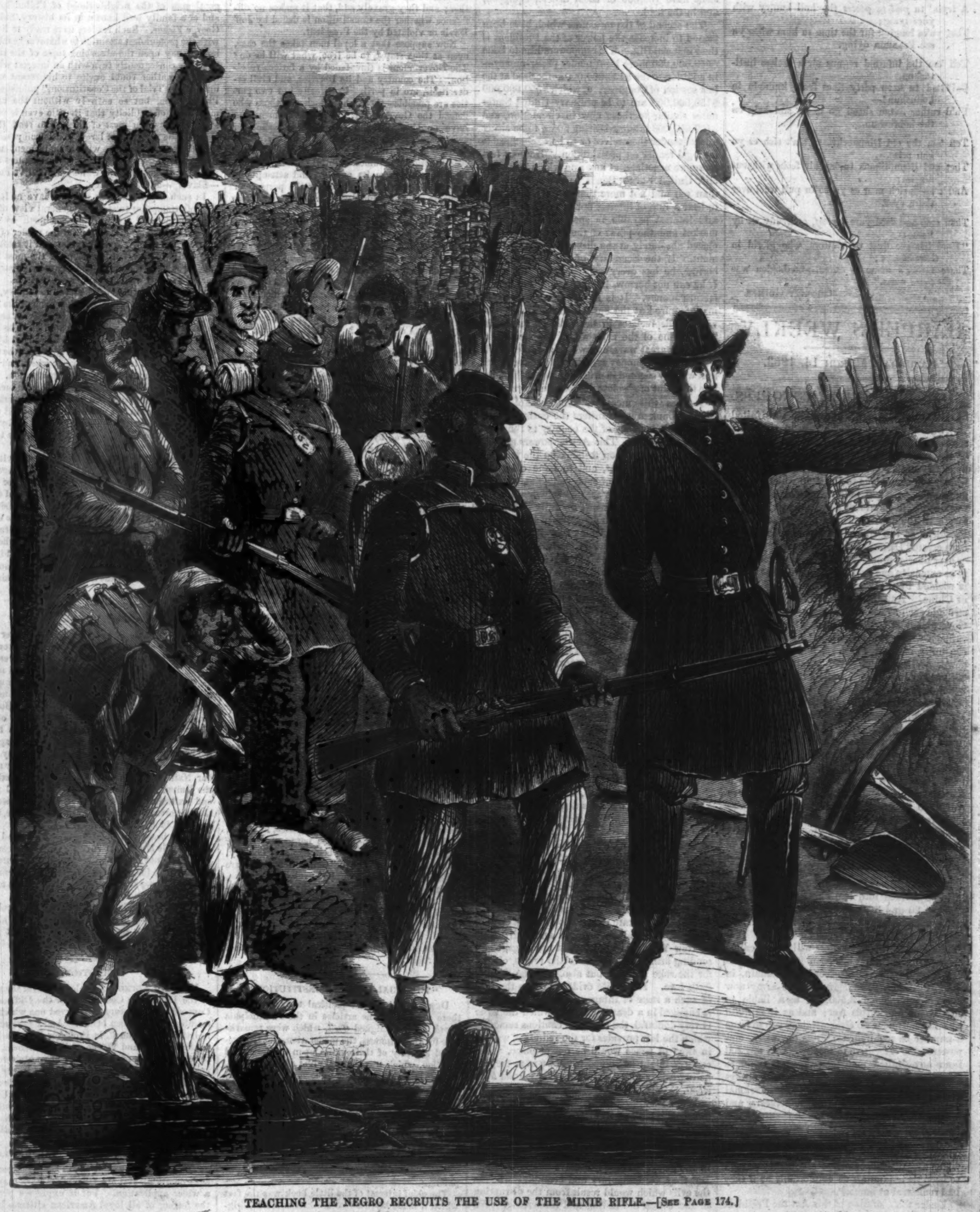


TEACHING THE NEGRO RECRUITS THE USE OF THE MINIE RIFLE.—[See Page 174.]

ODE TU THE PEECE-MAKERS,

WHU WANT TU CARRY THARE OLIVE BRANCHES IN THE HART OV THE SAOUTH.

GETHER up yure "olive branches!"—git lots ov
'em, es yu may,
Go daoun Saouth, es farst es yu kan go, and drop
'em awl the way;
And then kum back and tell us jest what the
rebbels say!

Go, meet the fokes whu fired on aour banner with
a grin,
Lick up the dust before thare feet—tell 'em yu
hope thay'll win,
So the murderers ov loyal men may be yure
frends agin.

Tell 'em yu're glad when men like Ellsworth die
—thay air awl fire and froth,
Reddy tu fite ribbelliun daoun, while yu was awl-
ways lawth—
Ef yu've got tu go fur warfare, yu hed ruther
fite the North!

Tell 'em yu're awl *peece-makers* (fur thet thare's
no denying)—
A tryin' tu *pull tu peeces* the hull kuntry with
yure lying;
Thet yu're longing fur the time tu kum when yu
see Freedum dying.

Tell 'em the infurnal reguns air a useless insti-
tushun,
Cal'lated tu keep party lines frum kummin in
kollushun!—
Yu'd ruther Satan shood go loose, and help on
the konfushun.

Tell 'em the old Dimmockrassy ain't sich es yu
kan prize,
Thet awl Republikans tu-day air fools withaout
disgise;
And 't takes sich men es yu be tu pull wool over
thare eyes.

Then stop and reed yure *eppitaf*, awlreddy rit by
Fame:
"Here lies the dust ov traitors, who glorid in
thare shame;
Thare father's name is *Satan*, and Legion was
thare name."

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

THE WORK DONE BY CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-seventh Congress of the United States has expired, having, in the short session which ended on March 4, passed some of the most momentous measures ever placed upon the statute-book. Those measures, as a whole, are equivalent to the step which, in republican Rome, was taken whenever the state was deemed in imminent danger, and which history calls the appointment of a Dictator. The President of the United States has, in effect, been created Dictator, with almost supreme power over liberty, property, and life—a power nearly as extensive and as irresponsible as that which is wielded by the Emperors of Russia, France, or China. And this is well. To succeed in a struggle such as we are waging a strong central Government is indispensable. One great advantage which the rebels have had over us is the unity of their purposes, and the despotic power of their chief. We are now on a par with them in these respects, and we shall see which is the better cause.

The measures which collectively confer upon Mr. Lincoln dictatorial powers consist, 1*st*, of the Conscription Act; 2*d*, of the Finance measures; and, 3*d*, of the Indemnity Act.

The conscription bill enrolls all the males of the loyal States (including Indians and negroes) between the ages of 20 and 45 into a national militia, and empowers the President to call them into the service of the United States for three years or the war. The only exemptions are the President and Vice-President, and one adult male in each family where there are aged parents or infant children dependent on the labor of their adult relative for support. The entire body of the militia, as thus enrolled, is to be divided into two classes: 1*st*, persons between 20 and 35, whether married or single, and persons between 35 and 45 if unmarried; and 2*d*, married men between 35 and 45. It is presumed that the latter class will not be called upon until the former has been exhausted. As according to the census there will remain, in the loyal States, after deducting the army now in the field, some 3,500,000 men liable to enrollment under this Act; and as it is quite certain that under no circumstances can so large a number be required, Congress has wisely empowered the Executive to receive a sum of $300 from any drafted man who prefers paying to serving. This sum, it is believed, will always secure a substitute. Clergymen, professional men, large merchants and manufacturers, and others who are of more use to the country while prosecuting their various peaceful avocations than they would be if forced to carry a musket, will thus be exempted, while the class of men which take their place will receive money enough to keep their families as comfortably as if they had remained at home.

Under the operation of this Act the President will be enabled to recruit our armies to the full standard when the time of the nine months' men expires, and the hopes of the rebels—which have been re-echoed by the correspondents of disloyal journals—that our armies would melt away in the spring will be thoroughly defeated. Under this Act the President may keep a million of men in the field without difficulty.

No allusion is made in the Act to the enlistment of negroes. Other laws are held to cover the case, and to clothe the President with ample power to enroll and arm negroes in any part of the country. Under these laws General Hunter has a brigade, at least, of negro troops at Port Royal; General Banks has several colored regiments at New Orleans and Baton Rouge; General Grant has quite a considerable negro force at Vicksburg, and General Rosecrans—who appears to arm the negro chiefly with M'Clellan's favorite and trusty weapon—the spade—has several thousand at or near Murfreesboro. In a word, we have armed and are using all the adult negroes we have got, and shall continue to do so. We presume that before the end of the year we shall have 100,000 of them armed, equipped, and in the field.

The second of the measures which have been passed to increase the power of the President is the Financial Bill. This empowers him to issue $550,000,000 more legal tender paper-money—in addition to the $300,000,000 authorized at the last session of Congress; of which $550,000,000 $150,000,000 are to be ordinary United States notes similar to those now in circulation, and $400,000,000 interest-bearing notes, to be either a legal tender themselves or to be exchangeable for legal tender on presentation. He may furthermore negotiate, at any rate which he deems fair, United States Bonds to run for not less than ten and not more than twenty years, and to bear a rate of interest not over six per cent., said interest payable in specie. The money-market and the purse of the country are thus placed absolutely at the disposal of the Government. If the Secretary of the Treasury can borrow, he has every opportunity of doing so. If he can not borrow, he has the right to manufacture money. It is true that such money—manufactured at the fiat of a Government—invariably depreciates in the ratio of its issues. This is one of the evils which are usually involved by great wars, and which are inseparable from the paper-money system. It must be hoped that we may succeed in crushing the rebellion before the point of absolute depreciation is reached.

Besides this measure, another Act—Mr. Chase's Bank Act—transfers the entire control of the bank currency of the country to the General Government. This Act empowers any individual or corporation to bank on the basis of Government securities, and to issue currency, based on the deposit of such securities, to within ten per cent. of their market value. It is not expected that this Act will go fully into effect during the war, though some banks in the West will probably be organized under it. But the purpose of the measure is to institute such a connection between the public credit and the banking interest as shall, on the one hand, give the President virtual control of all the banks in the country, and, on the other, make every stockholder and banknote-holder in the land an underwriter, so to speak, of the Government bonds. Of course, pending the war, any issues of bank-notes under this Act will merely operate to swell the inflation of paper-money. But, as we said, this inflation is one of the necessary drawbacks of war.

The purse and the sword of the country thus placed unconditionally in the President's hands, it only remained to invest him with power to protect the Government from attacks in the rear from insidious traitors at the North. For this purpose, in accordance with the practice of old Rome, of constitutional England, and of the United States themselves, Congress passed an Act empowering the President to suspend the Act of *habeas corpus* whenever and wherever he may deem it necessary. That this Act was necessary no one who has watched the treacherous movements of the Northern Copperheads, or reflected upon the mischief they might do if unrestrained, will venture to deny. At this very moment Southern emissaries and their sympathizers in Indiana are manœuvring to wrest the control of the State troops out of the hands of the constitutional authorities: and individuals in New York and Connecticut are engaged in sending arms and supplies to the rebels, chiefly for the sake of gain, but also, in some degree, from love. It is quite evident that in the face of such a state of things, and when the nation is engaged in a death-grapple of which the issue is very doubtful, the slow and cautious remedies which the law provides for the redress of wrongs in time of peace would be out of place. The country might be ruined while we were empanneling a jury to try a traitor. *Inter arma leges silent.*

When we undertook the war we tacitly agreed to accept it with all its evils. Prominent among these are a depreciated currency, a temporary deprivation of personal liberty, and a liability to be taken from one's business to carry a musket in the army. These are grave inconveniences. But they are temporary and bearable; whereas the evils which would result from the disruption of the Union are lasting and intolerable. We may suffer, but our children will benefit by our suffering. Whereas if this country is severed in twain the future which lies before us is plainly depicted in the history of Mexico and Central America: incessant wars, constant subdivisions, a cessation of honest industry and agriculture, a decay of trade, a disappearance of wealth and civilization, and in their stead chronic strife, rapine, bloodshed, and anarchy. To avoid these things we can well afford for a few years to have a strong Government.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

WE read a good deal in these days of supporting the Government and opposing the Administration. We are told with great complacency by orators whose speeches are hailed with delight in Richmond and Charleston, that the Administration is not the Government. We are informed by people who profess great indignation if they are charged with lukewarm patriotism, that they will support the war so far as it is Constitutional, but no farther; and they gravely add, that it makes no difference whether the Constitution is defied by Jeff Davis or violated by the President.

Now suppose that a loyal man takes the case, even as thus stated, to be true, what will he do? The Government is threatened by a furious rebellion. The country and its liberties, and civil order itself, are in peril. Practically but two parties are possible—those who attack and those who defend the Government. The Government can have no Constitutional executive existence for two years except in the present Administration. The loyal man, we will suppose, thinks that the Administration assumes doubtful powers. But if he withdraws from its support, and attempts to maintain a political agitation for the purpose of securing another Administration at the end of two years, at the very time when the Government and national unity are so sorely pressed, does he not do all that he can not only to overthrow the Administration but to destroy the Government? At the worst, is not the question he has to answer a very simple one? Is it not plainly this: "Allowing that every measure taken to maintain the Government is not such as I approve, yet which party is most likely to secure the duration of the Government, the unity of the nation, and the supremacy of the Constitution? Is it the party in active rebellion, or the party of the Administration?" In other words, if doubtful powers are assumed, are they not assumed at a most critical moment by a perfectly patriotic and honest executive for the purpose of saving the nation? and is he not, therefore, entitled to the heartiest support of every man of equal patriotism and honesty? Since for two years he is Constitutionally President, and can only be removed by revolution—since (by the supposition) in his patriotic zeal he has transcended his powers, and since delay in active operations is fatal, can the refusal to support him be honorably justified upon any other ground than that the Union, the Constitution, and the Government are in more danger from him than from the rebellion? And is not that idea the very insanity of folly?

The widest departure from Constitutional authority with which the President is charged is the emancipation order. Yet Mr. Van Buren, a leader of the Opposition, says plainly that the army ought to advance, and that the necessary consequence of its advance will be emancipation. The argument, then, is, that the Commander-in-Chief is bound to order an advance which will result in freeing the slaves, but he has no right to declare them free. Is that such a violation of the Constitution that loyal men ought to protest by refusing their support to the Administration?

The other unconstitutional stretch of power is alleged to be the "arbitrary arrests." Kane, of Baltimore, who denies that he was privy to a plot to assassinate the President, but whose telegrams, indicating Baltimore as a rendezvous of massacre, are matters of history, was summarily seized and imprisoned, and others, often mere brawlers, whose arrest was extremely foolish and injurious to the Government, have been likewise imprisoned by executive order. We all know the extent of such arrests. Are they also such violations of the Constitution that loyal men ought to protest by refusing their support to the Administration, thereby securing the victory of a rebellion which, in Texas, declares, exultingly, that the bones of citizens, guilty only of loyalty to their flag and country, "are bleaching in the sun," and "their bodies are suspended by scores from black-jacks!"

Thus, even were it granted that the Administration had in some points acted without Constitutional warrant, the action was taken to secure the Constitution itself, and to maintain the Government. To state the case is to prove it. The opposition made upon such grounds is in the interest of the rebellion.

"THE TRIAL OF THE CONSTITUTION."

DURING the earnest political canvass of 1856 there appeared some articles in the Philadelphia *North American* signed *Cecil*, which were remarkable for the calmness, the moderation, and the profound sagacity of their views upon the territorial question, which was the real pivot of the election. The style was not less notable for its clearness, richness, and incisiveness; while the argument was conducted upon no partisan ground whatever. The substance of these articles, amplified and completed, was afterward published in a small volume, which was most highly appreciated by a few thoughtful readers, but which had, probably, no extensive sale, depending, as it did, exclusively upon its merits, and upon no arts of advertising or puffing.

The chief interest of the little book was the fact which it made known that we had an acute, original, and trained political thinker and scholar, observing and criticising public affairs; but who cared less to publish his name than his thoughts, and who sought to influence his fellow-citizens by reasonable argument rather than by official position. A little pamphlet upon *Race* followed, in which the author developed his views upon a topic which is for this country of paramount importance. His conclusions were not what is commonly called anti-slavery. The dominant idea of his theory was that civilization is mainly determined by qualities of race; that in this country the Saxon, or superior race, is planted side by side with the African, or inferior race; that the superior must guide the inferior; that it is too late to regret the juxtaposition, but that, the part of wisdom being to deal with facts, the true solution of our problem lies in replacing chattel slavery by some humane form of serfdom. The question was stated with power and clearness, with perfect calmness and sincerity. It was the friendly tone of a thinker who differed from both of the vehement views of the subject which divided the country, and of a man much more anxious to know the truth than to be applauded.

The earnest inquiry of those who value sincere thought in a time of shallow rhetoric presently revealed as the author of these treatises a scholar and gentleman of the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and of a family well known in its history, Sidney George Fisher. Such readers were ready to listen with the profoundest attention to whatever he might have to say upon the absorbing topic of the time, and they consequently turn with an interest which no other author could excite to his recent work upon "The Trial of the Constitution," published in Philadelphia, but so entirely without the usual machinery of publicity that its title even is probably unknown to most of those who read these lines. The work is not large, and is composed of five chapters or essays, with a supplement upon the Proclamation. The titles of the chapters are: A Written Constitution—Union—Executive Power—Slavery—and Democracy.

In such a paragraph as this we have no intention of attempting to state the general view of the Constitution and its working set forth by Mr. Fisher. Our object is to inform the reader of the existence of the work, and to commend it most unreservedly to his attention as one of the most fearless, profound, thorough, and acute criticisms of our system which has ever been written. The courage of the author shrinks from no inquiry, and is dismayed by no result. He has none of the idolatry which is merely intellectual paralysis, and he regards our great charter not as a fetich to be worshiped, but as an instrument to be judged by its operation. His key-note properly is that the Constitution is upon trial; and exactly where and how it is tried he shows with exquisite perception. The style has the same freshness, ease, and lucidity which have been remarked in the former works of the author; but in this volume it is somewhat more diffuse, which will be readily pardoned by the reader, because, in this case, it really helps to fix the impression of the thought.

As the author proceeds the reader inevitably asks, *Quis custodiet custodes?*—Who shall save the commentators from being commented? For with remorseless logic he pursues every false and fallacious interpretation, and sets forth the necessity of the case. Yet the tone of the treatise is one of inquiry, not of dogmatism. The author's attitude is that of a learner, not of a doctor. And whoever shall be led by these words to listen to Mr. Fisher, and ponder his suggestions, whether he assents to them or not, will confess that he owes something to the Lounger.

UNDER *WHICH* KING?

IN these columns no unkind word has ever been spoken of General M'Clellan. We have therefore the right to ask him if he seriously believes that the tendency or the intention of the political movements made in his name is the strengthening the hands of the Government for a more vigorous and successful campaign against the rebels? Does he recall the words he addressed to the army on the 4th of July, 1862. "On this, our nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capital of the so-called confederacy; that our National Constitution shall prevail; and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, 'must and shall be preserved,' cost what it may in time, treasure, and blood."

Every brave and loyal heart in the land cries Amen! Is M'Clellan the only man in the country who does not know that the men who surround him, and use his name to paralyze the Government, repudiate those sentiments, and are willing to buy temporary peace with eternal dishonor?

Trading upon his military name and popularity they hope to make him President and use him as their tool. Has he asked himself at what price, and for what purpose?

A QUESTION.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In looking over the names of the Delmonico Committee for the Diffusion of Copperhead Literature, I observed one which I remember to have seen before. And I take my pen in hand to ask you if, in Professor Brown's lately published Life and Works of Rufus Choate, there is any mention of the famous advocate's remark upon the gentleman who now figures in the enviable light of one who seeks to demoralize the army, and to save his country by destroying the Union? When Mr. Choate was asked why the gentleman in question was so universally unpopular, the caustic jury-lawyer replied: "Some men we dislike *for cause—him*, peremptorily."

Yours truly, TRI-MOUNTAIN.

The Lounger is unable to answer his correspondent's question. But Mr. Choate's remark may have a wider application. For it expresses perfectly the feeling of all loyal American citizens toward all Copperheads.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF FORTUNE.

THE morning papers a few days since contained, in the usual Congressional record, the report of a remark of Mr. Vallandigham that the New York *World* was an abolition print in disguise! But in the same papers were extracts from rebel papers, and especially from the Richmond *Enquirer*, which, speaking of the efforts of Mr. Vallandigham and his co-laborers to detach the Northwest from the Union, said frankly, "If they repudiate the debt they have contracted, and abandon the Government they have established, and recant the vows, and break pledges, and eat dirt, it is well: we shall be charmed; the movement will suit us perfectly; and although we shall not exactly respect the actors in that affair, yet we shall not be unwilling to trade with them—*holding our noses a little* [Eheu! Vallandigham! Vallandigham!]—and to show them all proper civilities, but at a proper distance!"

What sort of a happy family is this, where Vallandigham calls the New York *World* an abolitionist in disguise, and the Richmond *Enquirer* says that it must hold its nose when it speaks of Vallandigham's services?

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

SENATOR RICHARDSON, of Illinois, said lately in the Senate that the rebellion was *at the beginning* causeless. Do he and his friends, then, mean to say that it is *now* justifiable?

He also said at the same time that it might have been avoided by compromise. How? Upon what ground of honor or common sense would he compromise with men who would *causelessly* rebel? The rebellion began after compromise was refused. Still he thinks it causeless. Then the failure to compromise was not a cause or justification of rebellion.

Besides, upon what principle would he have compromised? The election had been Constitutionally conducted and concluded. Some of the defeated party said, "Very well, we don't like the result, and we are going to break up the Government." Now does Mr. Richardson mean that he would then have offered terms to a Constitutionally defeated part of a party to submit to the laws? Does he mean that when a defeated faction threaten a revolution it is the duty of the Government and of good citizens quietly to allow them to accomplish it?

Suppose the glove had been on the other hand, and his friend Mr. Douglas had been elected. If the Republican party or any part of it had said, "We don't like it, and we won't submit," would Mr. Richardson have then advised that the Administration should ask them upon what terms they would submit? Or would he have said, "If they won't submit to a Constitutional election, train every gun in the country upon them and blow the d—— Abolitionists to h—!"

Circumstances alter cases, we know, but do they alter them so entirely as this?

BRIEF EXTRACT FROM THE DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON THE 23D FEBRUARY, 1863.

"**MR. VALLANDIGHAM.** 'I yielded the floor in the spirit of a gentleman, and not to a blackguard.' [Excitement every where.]

"**MR. CAMPBELL.** 'The gentleman himself is a blackguard.' [Applause in the galleries.]

* * * * * *

"**MR. ROBINSON.** 'I insist upon the galleries being cleared.'

"**MR. COX.** 'I hope not. There are only a small number of them, and the fool-killer's heel can keep them in order.'

"**MR. VALLANDIGHAM** thought it would be admitted by the galleries that *this is a legislative and deliberative assembly*, and that it is not becoming to express any approval or disapproval of whatever takes place upon this floor."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AT a crowded concert the other evening a young lady standing at the door of the hall was addressed by an honest Hibernian, who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

A letter was posted at the chief post-office in London a while since, bearing the subjoined (minute, though somewhat indefinite) address: "To my sister Bridget or else to my brother Tim malony or if not to gudy her mother in law who came to americy but did not stay long and went back to the ould country—in care of the Praste who live in the Parish of balcanbury in Cork or if not to some Dacent Neighbor in Ireland."

Mr. Paradox is not what you may consider an intemperate man by any means, but he calls on the old lady, once in a while, for the boot-jack, to draw his hat off with.

I heard a good thing one evening at a party. A Miss Joy was present, and in the course of the evening some one used the quotation, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," when she exclaimed, "Oh, I'm glad I'm not a beauty, for I shouldn't like to be a Joy forever."

"Patrick, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

Why is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended?—Because it attempts to circulate in vein.

Why is a drunkard, hesitating to sign the pledge, like a skeptical Hindoo?—Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of Jug-or-not.

It is related of a famous wit that, having been appointed to attend to the removal of a stove, and not having performed his duty, he urged, in excuse, "that it was his *warmest* friend, and he could not be expected to remove it."

A peddler being asked by a spindle-shanked wag if he had any overalls, replied, "No; but I have a pair of candle-moulds that would just fit you."

"Stop that abominable noise," said a commanding officer to a trumpeter, in the midst of a battle; "we can stand fire, but we can't stand that air."

Pious poverty is better than poor piety.

He who dies in the path of duty deserves a nobler name than he who leads a victorious army over the ruins of a conquered kingdom. This is consolatory to drivers of stage-coaches who freeze to death on the box.

Mrs. Partington expresses her apprehensions that the people of the gold regions will bleed to death, as papers are constantly announcing the opening of another vein.

"What object do you see?" asked the doctor. The young man hesitated for a few moments, and then replied, "It appears like a jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your shadow!"

Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered undersleeves would be considered dirty, but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

"Please, Sir, give me a penny to keep me from starving."

GENT. "Can't stop—in a great hurry—I've got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, February 25, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation bill was passed. Bills authorizing the President to confer brevet rank, and to promote the health, comfort, and efficiency of the army, were also passed. The bill amendatory of the Pacific Railroad act was passed. Several important bills and resolutions were introduced and appropriately referred, and, after an executive session, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the consideration of the Senate bill to organize the militia of the nation was resumed. Amendments limiting the term of active service to three years, providing for the punishment of spies, and striking out the clause requiring provost-marshals to inquire into and report to the Provost-Marshal-General all treasonable practices, were adopted, and the bill passed by a vote of 115 against 49. The Select Committee on Emancipation reported a bill appropriating $10,000,000 in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Maryland. It was recommitted. The same Committee reported a bill appropriating $15,000,000 for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri. A motion to admit Mr. George W. Bridges to a seat as the representative of the Third District of Tennessee was agreed to. The bill amendatory of the Internal Revenue act was taken up in Committee of the Whole, and a number of amendments adopted.

On Thursday, 26th, in the Senate, a resolution for a select committee to inquire into the conduct of Colonel Gilbert, who dispersed a meeting at Frankfort, Kentucky, recently, was laid over. Bills to carry into effect the treaty with Peru, and providing another judge for the courts of California and Oregon, were passed. The resolution of inquiry concerning the arrest of D. A. Mahony and others was indefinitely postponed—21 against 19. The bill organizing the militia was received from the House, and the amendments ordered to be printed. A motion to take up the Bankrupt bill was agreed to by a vote of 20 against 16, and the Senate then went into executive session and confirmed several unimportant nominations.——In the House, a bill to punish frauds on the Government was passed. The Senate bill for the appointment of additional generals was passed. It provides for forty major-generals and one hundred brigadier-generals; also that no appointment shall be made except for gallant and meritorious service in the field. Mr. Stevens made a report on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the bill to provide means for the support of the Government. All the points were covered, excepting the clause taxing bank-notes. The report was agreed to by a vote of 71 yeas to 69 nays. The House insisted upon its bank clause disagreement. In Committee of the Whole the amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were considered. An amendment reducing the duty on paper was offered by Mr. Lovejoy, but was opposed as irrelevant, and subsequently withdrawn.

On Friday, 27th, in the Senate, the Conference Committee on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government made a report, covering all the points at issue between the two Houses, except the tax on bank-notes. The report was accepted, and a new conference committee on the bank-tax appointed. The Conference Committee on the bill limiting the number of generals made a report. Seventy major-generals and two hundred and seventy-five brigadiers are allowed by the report. A motion to take up the Militia bill was rejected—19 against 18. The joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to General Rosecrans and his army for gallantry at Murfreesboro was adopted. Several unimportant subjects were disposed of, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Conference Committee on the subject of taxing bank-notes reported they were unable to agree, and recommended that the House recede from the disagreement to the Senate's proposition to levy the tax. The House refused to recede, and asked for another conference committee. In Committee of the Whole the amendments to the Internal Tax bill were perfected, and the bill reported to the House. The Committee on Government Contracts reported a resolution, which was adopted, that the Secretary of the Treasury be requested to decline any further payment to the parties interested on account of chartering the steamer *Cataline* in April, 1861. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes on the bill to indemnify the President and others for acts committed under the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, made a report thereon. It authorizes the President, during the present rebellion, and when the public safety requires it, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in any State or parts of States, and provides for discharges by courts, the parties discharged to take the oath of allegiance. The Republicans endeavored to pass the bill without debate, which was successfully resisted by the Opposition, and at two o'clock A.M. the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 28th, in the Senate, a joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to Commander Ringgold was reported. The Committee on Foreign Relations made a unanimous report on the subject of foreign mediation and intervention. The bill reorganizing the Engineer corps was reported back by the military Committee. Senator Grimes introduced a bill for the purchase of the Stevens floating battery. The bill to reorganize the Post-Office Department was passed, and a bill to regulate proceedings in prize cases and to amend the acts of Congress in relation thereto was introduced. The Conscription bill was then taken up, and a debate on it ensued, in which the measure was hotly assailed by the Opposition; but at midnight the amendments of the House were all concurred in and the bill passed.——In the House, the amendments to the Internal Tax acts were gone through with, and the bill passed. The Naval Appropriation bill, and the bill reorganizing the Post-Office Department were also passed. The Conference Committee on the bill pending for additional major and brigadier generals made a report, which was adopted. The report agrees to appoint thirty of the former and seventy-five of the latter. The House proviso is also modified, so that the officers to be appointed under the act shall be selected from those conspicuous for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the line of duty. The Committee on Elections made an unfavorable report on the credentials of Alvin Hawkins, claiming a seat as representative from the Ninth District of Tennessee. In the evening session the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up, and an interesting discussion on the rebellion and political questions generally ensued.

On Monday, March 2, in the Senate, the bill to regulate proceeding in prize cases was passed. Senator Willey presented the credentials of the Hon. L. S. Bowden, elected United States Senator from Virginia for six years from the 4th of March. The President sent in correspondence about the suffering working-men of England. The Conference Committee on the bill to indemnify the President reported. The internal Revenue bill was reported back with amendments. The Engineer Corps bill was taken up. A long fight followed; an amendment was carried by one majority that no black man should be a commissioned officer in the national army; this was modified by a later amendment, got through by two majority, that no black men should be commissioned except as company officers over companies composed of Africans only. The bill then passed. The National Revenue bill was taken up, and the license on retail liquor-dealers was fixed at $20, as at present. An amendment was carried that no collector should have over $5000 per year besides the expenses of his office.——In the House, the Senate bill granting lands to Wisconsin and Michigan for military road purposes was passed. The Senate bill to organize a Signal Corps, after amendment, was passed. The House, by a vote of 91 against 45, concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the bill to indemnify the President and others for suspending the privileges of the writ of *habeas corpus*. At the evening session a bill was passed authorizing the Acting Governors of Tennessee and Louisiana to issue writs for the election of Members of Congress, according to the local laws. The Senate bill to establish the Pacific Railroad grade at four feet and eight and a half inches—New York Central Railroad grade—was passed. The House passed the following Senate bills: One providing that the Supreme Court of the United States shall hereafter consist of one Chief Justice, and nine Associate Justices, one of whom shall hold Court in the new Circuit of California and Oregon. One granting alternate sections of land to Kansas for railroad and telegraphic purposes. One with an amendment as a substitute, providing that there shall be appointed one midshipman, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, for each Member and Delegate in the House, recommended by the Members and Delegates of the present Congress, to immediately form a class according to the present regulations and qualifications for admission. One giving the right of pre-emption to settlers on the Soscol Ranch, California. One authorizing the Post-master-General to take such measures as may be advisable to avoid losses to the Department, owing to the failure to prepay foreign correspondence. One giving to soldiers discharged in consequence of wounds or sickness the same bounty as if they had served two years. One providing for the removal of certain bands of Sioux Indians from Kansas. One merging the two branches of army engineers. One authorizing the President to confer brevet rank on such commissioned officers as have or may hereafter distinguish themselves by gallant action; such brevet not to carry additional pay. One to carry into effect the recent convention with Peru for the settlement of claims, providing for the appointment of two Commissioners and other officers.

On Tuesday, 3d, in the Senate, an effort was made to have the previous day's journal corrected, the Opposition insisting that the vote had not been fairly taken; but it was proved conclusively that the proceedings in the matter were perfectly correct, and the motion was not pushed. To make the matter certain, however, a test vote was taken on recalling the Indemnity bill from the House, and it was decided in the negative—25 to 13. The bill to modify the existing laws for the collection of duties on imports was passed without amendment. The concurrent resolutions from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, on mediation and intervention, were adopted after some debate, with only five dissenting votes—Senators Carlile of Virginia, Latham of California, Powell of Kentucky, Saulsbury of Delaware, and Wall of New Jersey. The bill to establish a branch mint in Nevada Territory was passed. A Committee of Conference was appointed on the Internal Revenue bill. The Senate refused to take up the resolution to investigate the conduct of Colonel Gilbert in dispersing the Copperhead Convention in Kentucky. The bill to incorporate the National Academy of Science was passed. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to appoint a day of national fasting and prayer. The bill to establish Provisional Governments in certain cases was called up. A motion to lay it on the table was lost. It was, however, postponed. The bill for the admission of Nevada was passed. The bill to establish a Territorial Government for Montano, changing the name to Idaho, was also passed.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were considered, but not all agreed to—consequently, a Committee of Conference was ordered. The bill to increase the revenue by the reservation and sale of town sites, etc., was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was considered in Committee, and subsequently reported to the House. At three o'clock, according to agreement, the Senate bill reorganizing the Courts of the District was again taken up, and was finally passed—87 to 58. During the evening session, the reports of the Committee on Elections, against Mr. Grafton and Mr. Hawkins claiming seats, respectively from Virginia and Tennessee, were concurred in. A report was made from the Judiciary Committee, affirming that the Postmaster-General has power to exclude from the mails objectionable newspapers. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, made a speech in opposition to the report. The House passed the Senate bill establishing a Territorial Government for Idaho. A great variety of minor matters were acted upon, and both Houses were in session until a very late hour.

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The concurrent resolutions reported by Senator Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, in reference to the subject of mediation by France or any other foreign Power, take a decided stand against any intervention whatever, declaring that Congress can not hesitate to regard every proposition of foreign interference in the present contest as so far unreasonable and inadmissible that its only explanation will be found in a misunderstanding of the true state of the question and of the real character of the war in which the republic is engaged; that such interference is injurious to the national interests; and that Congress will be obliged to look upon any further attempts in the same direction as an unfriendly act.

LOSS OF THE "INDIANOLA."

U. S. MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, *Feb.* 27,
via MEMPHIS, *March* 1.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR,—I regret to inform you that the *Indianola* has also fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The rams *Webb* and *Queen of the West* attacked her 25 miles from here and rammed her until she surrendered, all of which can be traced to a non-compliance with my instructions.

I do not know the particulars.

DAVID D. PORTER, Commander.

THE CANAL AT VICKSBURG.

The reports from the cut-off at Vicksburg are most favorable. It is said that the channel has been cut to a depth of six feet, and that the transport *Lebanon*, a side-wheel steamer, passed through, and that most of the fleet lying above were about to follow.

THE LATEST FROM VICKSBURG.

As we go to press we have a report that the rebels have evacuated Vicksburg. Contemporary with it we have a rebel report that a great battle has been fought there without decisive result.

ROSECRANS MOVING.

We learn from Murfreesboro, 2d inst., that an expedition of a thousand cavalry and sixteen hundred infantry left there on the day previous, and encountered the enemy at Bradyville. After severe fighting, the rebels—a portion of Morgan's Division—were driven from the town, with the loss of eight killed and twenty wounded, and nine officers and eighty privates captured. A considerable amount of baggage, papers, etc., were also captured. Our loss in killed and wounded was about half that of the rebels. The Richmond papers of the 28th ult. announce that General Rosecrans has advanced to Middleborough, halfway between Murfreesboro and Shelbyville.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER GENERAL BANKS.

General Banks was fired at by some unknown person on the night of the 12th ult., as he was leaving the City Hotel at New Orleans to attend the French Opera. The ball, however, did not take effect either upon the General or any one else; neither has there been any trace of the would-be assassin.

CAPTURE OF THE "JACOB BELL."

The *Florida* captured the ship *Jacob Bell* on the 12th ult., in latitude 24°, longitude 65°, bound from China to the port of New York. The *Jacob Bell* had a cargo of 22,000 packages of tea, 2500 rolls of matting, 5000 boxes of fire-crackers, 400 boxes of fans, 8000 mats of cassia, and 210 boxes of camphor, the whole being valued at about a million of dollars, upon which the United States Government lost over $175,000 or $200,000 in revenue, as that would be about the duty on the goods aboard. The rebel privateer burned the vessel, and transferred her passengers and crew to a Danish vessel, which conveyed them to St. Thomas. The United States steamer *Alabama* and the ship *Shepherd Knapp* were at the latter port on the 20th ult., and were then about to start on a cruise in search of the privateers *Alabama* and *Florida*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

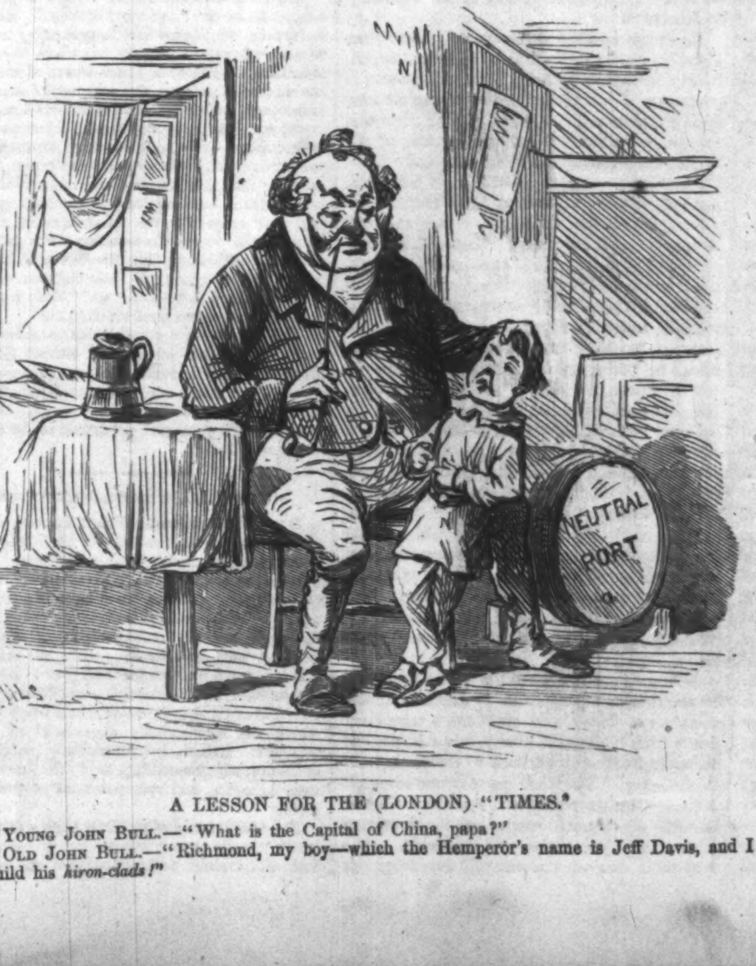
ENGLAND.

MR. MASON AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

MR. MASON, the rebel Commissioner in London, had been entertained by the Lord Mayor of the city at his annual banquet. Mr. Mason responded to the toast of "Our Visitors," after a complimentary call from the Lord Mayor and the guests. The Commissioner expressed his regret that England had not recognized the Southern Confederacy, spoke of the immense trade which his "country" would do with foreign nations, and prophesied that the day was near at hand when the most intimate relations would be established between the city of London and the Southern territory. The London *Times* states, in an editorial, that neither the remarks of Mr. Mason nor the fact of his being present at the entertainment have any political significance.

THE "GEORGE GRISWOLD" REQUITED.

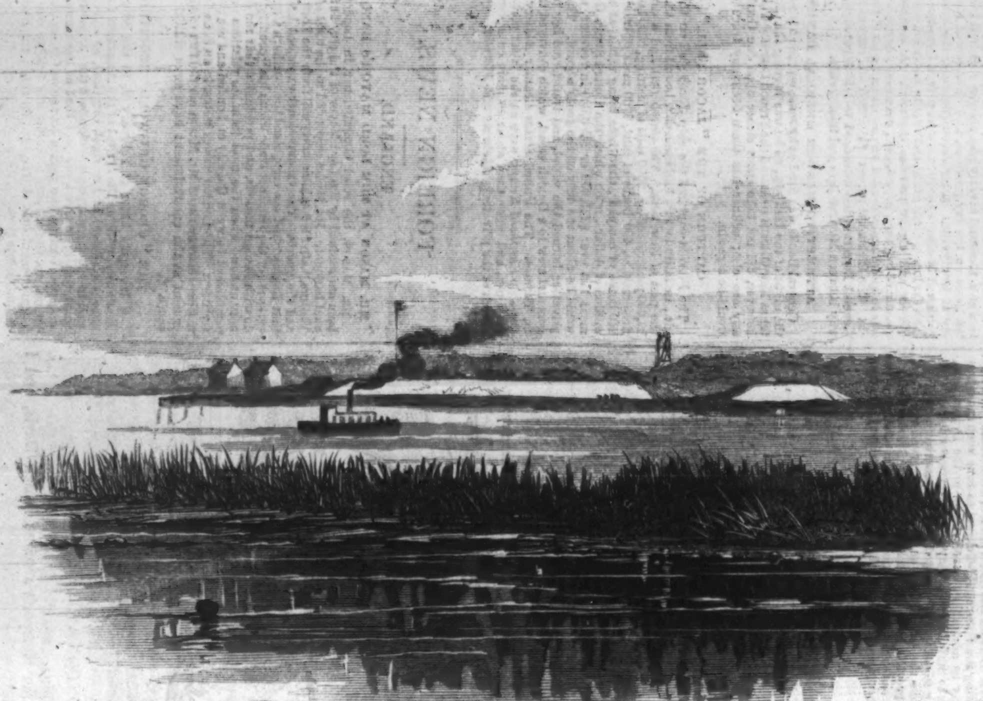
A Liverpool letter of February 9, in the Manchester *Examiner*, noticing the arrival of the American food-ship *George Griswold* at Liverpool, mentions, as showing the way in which some people reciprocate the sympathy of our transatlantic brethren, the fact that as the *George Griswold* was coming into port with succor for our distressed operatives, the steamer *Dolphin* was sailing out with a cargo of munitions of war, etc., *en route*, *via* Nassau, for a Confederate port.



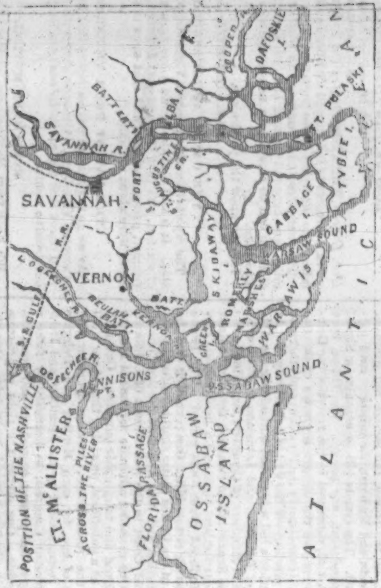
A LESSON FOR THE (LONDON) "TIMES."

YOUNG JOHN BULL.—"What is the Capital of China, papa?"

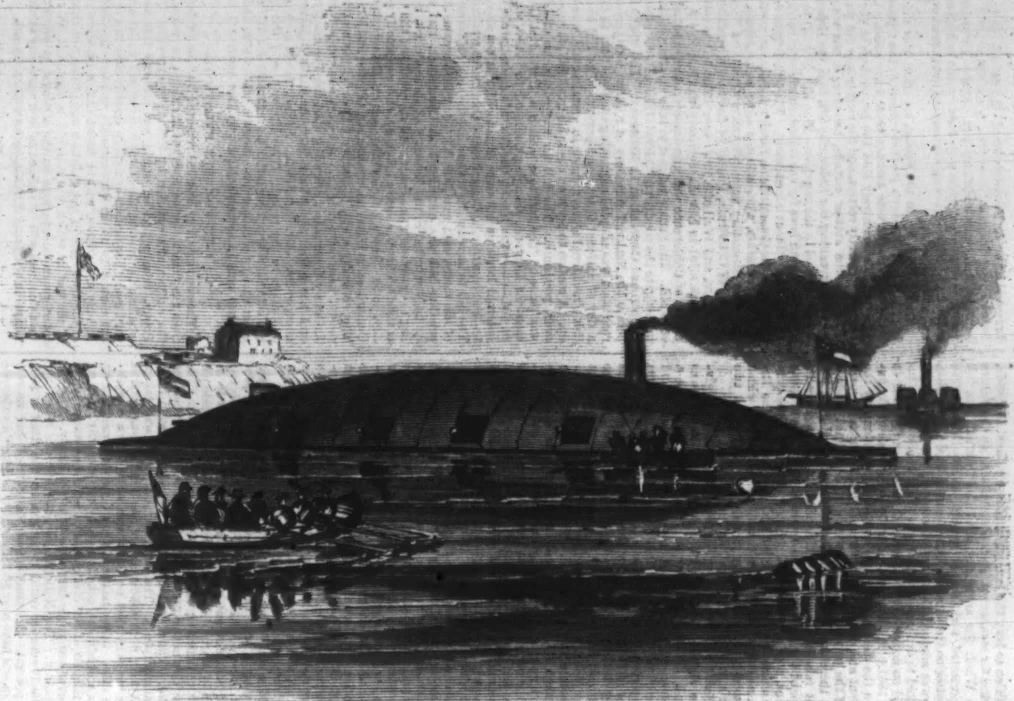
OLD JOHN BULL.—"Richmond, my boy—which the Hemperor's name is Jeff Davis, and I build his *hiron-clads!*"



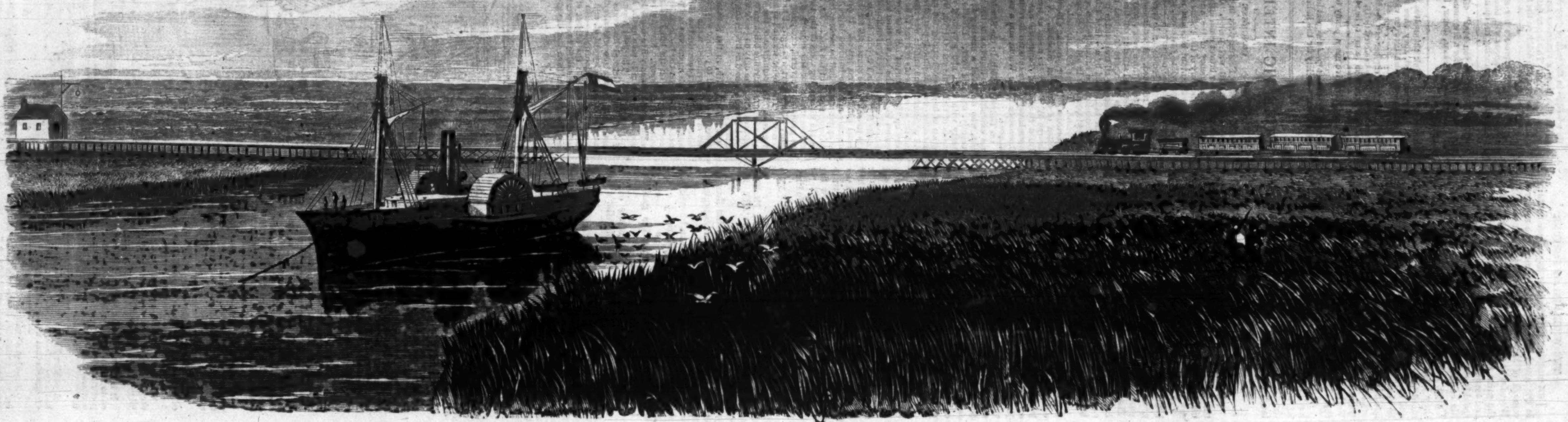
BEULAH BATTERY, AT THE JUNCTION OF BURNSIDE AND VERNON RIVERS.—[See next Page.]


SAVANNAH R.
SAVANNAH.
BATTERY
ELBA I.
FORT
ST. AUGUSTINE CR.
COOPER R.
DAFOSKIE I.
FT. PULASKI
TYBEE I.
CABBAGE I.
WARSAW SOUND
R.R.
VERNON
OGEECHEE R.
S. & GULF R.R.
BEULAH BATT.
BATT.
VERNON R.
SKIDAWAY I.
ROMERLY MARSHES
WARSAW IS.
GREEN I.
OGEECHEE R.
JENNISONS PT.
OSSABAW SOUND
POSITION OF THE NASHVILLE
FT. McALLISTER
PILES ACROSS THE RIVER
FLORIDA PASSAGE
OSSABAW ISLAND
ATLANTIC

Map of the Environs of Savannah, on the South, showing the Position of the "Nashville," the Ogeechee River, Beulah Battery, and the present Field of Operations of the "Passaic" and other Iron-clads under Commodore Dupont.



THE REBEL TURTLE RAM JUST LAUNCHED AT SAVANNAH.—[See next Page.]



THE REBEL STEAMER "NASHVILLE" LYING AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, ON THE OGEECHEE RIVER.—From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.—[See next Page.]

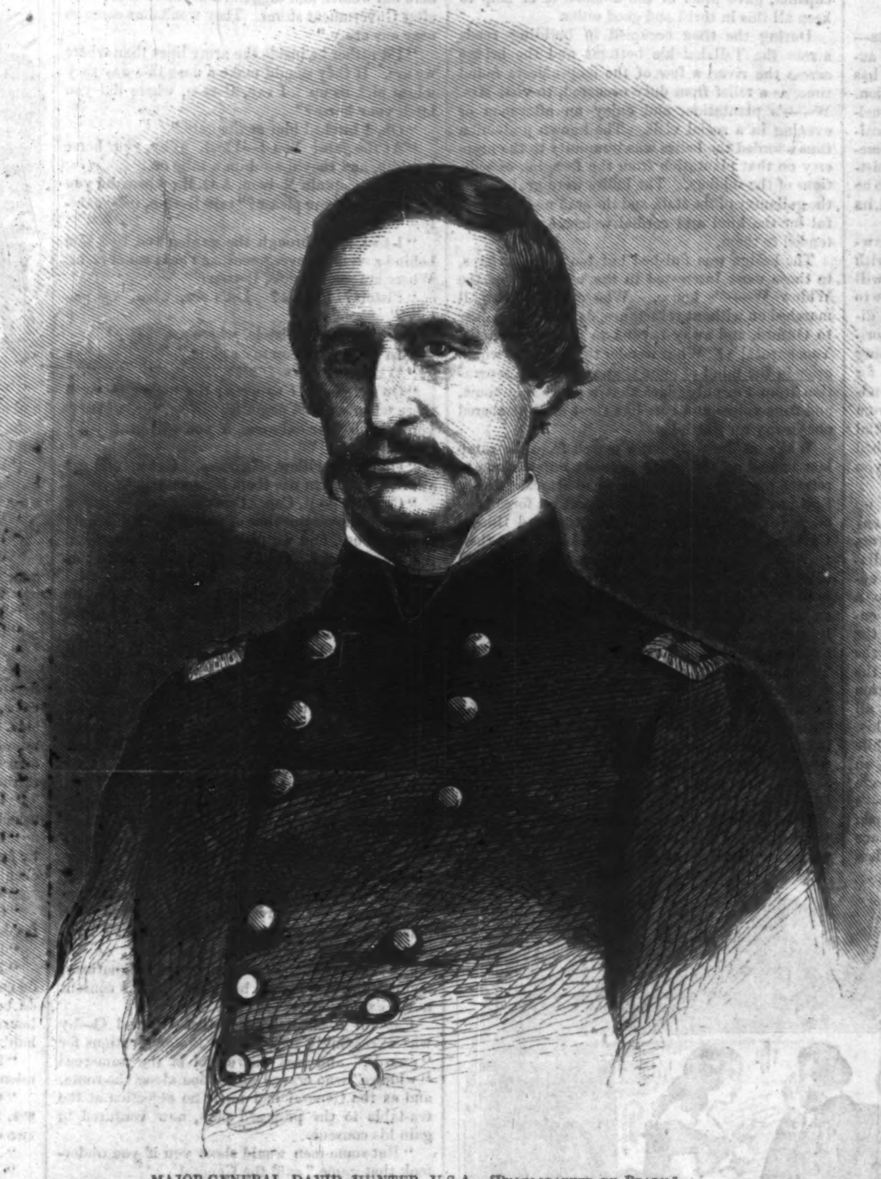
THE APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH.

WE are indebted to several correspondents in the Department of the South for the pictures which we publish on page 164. The situation of the *Nashville*, lying ensconced close to the railway line, is shown: she is temporarily blockaded in her refuge by the *Montauk*, but before long other means will be devised to render her helpless. Beulah Battery, a work of some pretensions, intended to impede the operations of our gun-boats, is shown on the same page.

The new rebel iron-clad *Turtle*, of which a picture is also given, was launched a few days since at Savannah. We are not at liberty to disclose the means by which our picture was obtained. As we said before, very little transpires either in Charleston or Savannah which is not soon known to our officers. The *Turtle* is said to be a very strong and formidable vessel. She is 200 feet long, 58 feet wide; her hold is 7 feet deep. She mounts eight 7-inch rifled guns, which are said to be of British manufacture and of the Armstrong pattern. Admiral Dupont will probably soon be able to give a good account of the *Turtle*.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUNTER, U.S.A.

WE publish herewith a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the South.



MAJOR GENERAL DAVID HUNTER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

General Hunter was born about the year 1802, in the District of Columbia, and was appointed from thence to West Point in 1818. He graduated in the infantry in 1822, and served eleven years with his regiment. In 1833 he was appointed Captain of Dragoons. After three years' service he resigned, and settled in Illinois, which State has ever since been his home. In 1842 he was offered, and accepted, the post of Paymaster in the army.

After the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency Captain Hunter was one of the army officers appointed by the War Department to escort him to Washington. On the reorganization of the army he was appointed Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry, and on 13th August, 1861, Major-General of Volunteers, thus ranking all the Major-Generals of Volunteers except Banks, Dix, and Butler. He had just previously taken part in the battle of Bull Run in command of his regiment, and received a severe wound in the throat, which compelled him to quit the field. On his recovery he was dispatched to the West, where he served as second in command under Frémont in the latter's brief campaign in Missouri. General Hunter was one of the first to denounce Frémont's incapacity; and, on the removal of that officer, he succeeded him in command of the army. He had no opportunity to distinguish himself, however, as he was himself very shortly afterward superseded by General Halleck. On his return to Washington he soon found a vacancy in the command of the troops at Port Royal, *vice* "Port Royal" Sherman, who was removed. While in this command he achieved no military triumphs; but he attracted more attention than any other man in the country by issuing a short order emancipating all the slaves in the Department of the South. This order was revoked by the President, and General Hunter returned home in consequence.

After a brief holiday he was again assigned to the command of the Department of the South, and is now at Port Royal. When the attack is made upon the city of Charleston or Savannah, it is expected that General Hunter will direct the operation of the land-forces.

General Hunter, though sixty years of age, is a veteran of remarkable vigor, energy, and iron will. He tolerates no insubordination in his command, and is as much feared by his officers as by the enemy. Bred in extreme pro-slavery views, the war has converted him into a firm abolitionist. He has always been in favor of arming the negroes, and has now quite a little negro army under his command at Port Royal. "Black Dave," as the soldiers call him, will make or mar himself in the course of the next ninety days.

The *Tribune* correspondent states that General Hunter has organized an expedition of 5000 negro troops to penetrate one of the most thickly-populated districts of the Department of the South with a view to rouse the slaves. The invaders are to carry extra muskets, and are to be supported by an adequate force of regular troops. Though the scheme in itself seems feasible, the story is generally discredited at the North.

SMITH'S BRIDGE.

ON this page we illustrate THE OVERFLOW OF THE TUSCUMBIA RIVER, near Corinth, Mississippi, from a sketch by Mr. Flournoy of the Second Iowa Volunteers. Mr. F. writes:

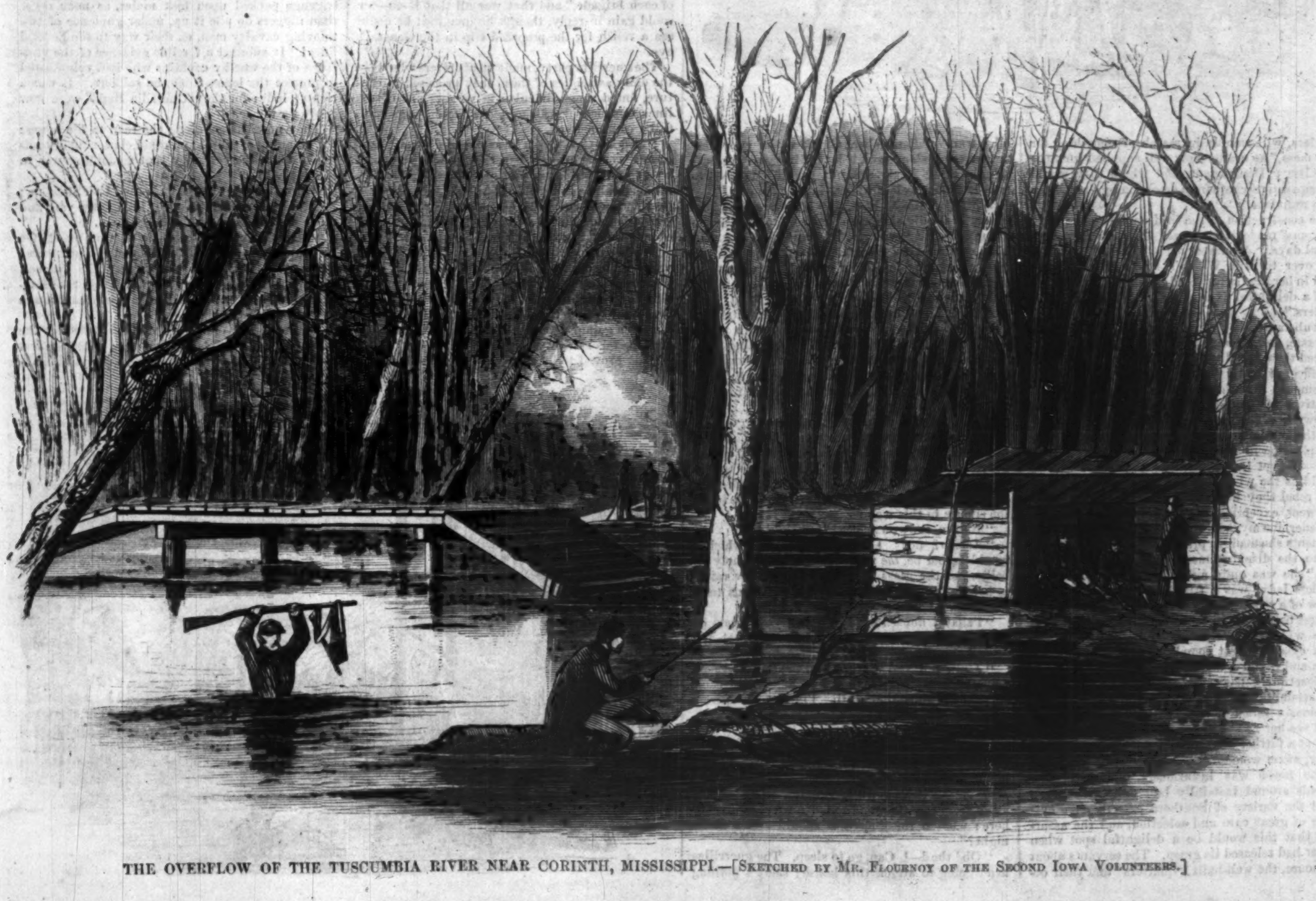
"CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, *Feb.* 17, 1863.

"Please find inclosed a guard-post at Smith's Bridge, 4½ miles northwest from Corinth, Mississippi, across the Tuscumbia River, on the road leading from this place to Kossuth. To use the native expression, the 'river's riz' and flooded the 'bottom' or swamp, which at this place is some 2½ miles in width, and in order to reach the post it is necessary to 'take the water' about 'waist deep.' The shelter, or 'shebang,' as the boys term it, is located upon the only dry spot, about 10 feet square, on the east side of the stream. There is a corresponding knoll on the opposite side.

"With respect, yours truly,

"SILAS FLOURNOY,

"Company I, Second Iowa Infantry."



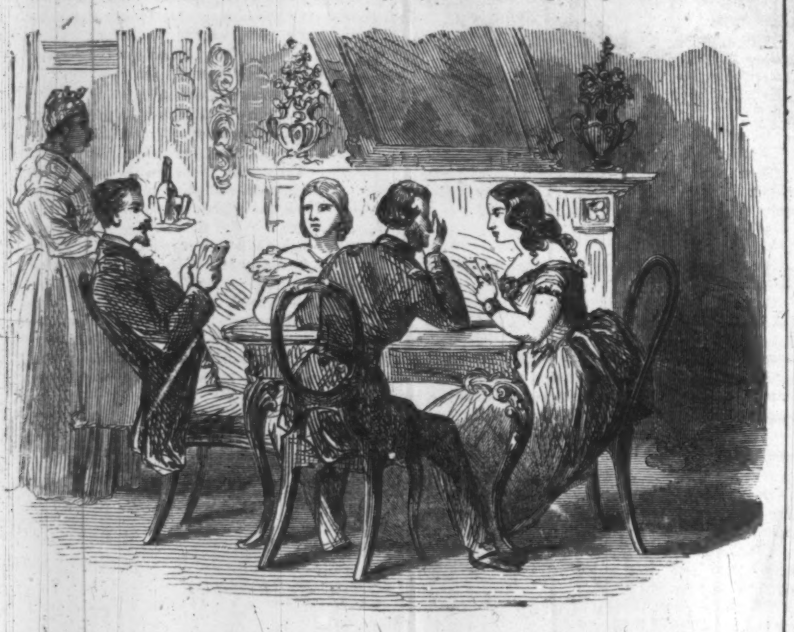
THE OVERFLOW OF THE TUSCUMBIA RIVER NEAR CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY MR. FLOURNOY OF THE SECOND IOWA VOLUNTEERS.]

THE BEWITCHING WIDOW.

THE rights and privileges of non-combatants—the claims such may have upon the military authorities in regard to protection, is now, as it has been during the rebellion, a troublesome question. The "tender mercies" of an army are often cruelties, as the presence of a large force in any locality will witness. An appeal for protection is sometimes made to our Generals that can not be resisted, and guards have often proved themselves to be any thing but distinct in regard to duty and its execution.

Instances frequently occur where the willful lawlessness of the soldiers does make sad havoc with the property of citizens; and a fancied right will prompt the timid to solicit protection, and serve to illustrate the difficulties that cluster along the dividing line between the military and civil authorities. To act with just discrimination in disposing of the claims of loyal and disloyal applicants for protection, is not the least of the difficulties attending the progress of our army. A little spice from this source will occasionally relieve the substantial and rigid ruling, and may perchance be relished by those not subject to camp fare; and I give you this illustration:

Our division was one of the many to make up the grand army under General Grant, and held our place, as ordered, in the advance on the march from La Grange, through Holly Springs, across the Tallahatchie to the banks of the Yaconapatalfa—the enemy retreating only as they were driven by a strong force from their chosen positions. An enterprising meddlesomeness, by the rebels, with the supplies stored at Holly Springs for the use of the army, suggested the propriety of postponing the capture of Vicksburg, or, rather, the co-operation in that undertaking by a land-force, and we all changed front and made our way back to Memphis, as a better position to await further orders. While near the Tallahatchie River on our way down, an earnest appeal for protection and a guard was made to General Q—by by a widow lady. Mrs. W——'s plantation was about two miles from the road upon which we were marching—about the right distance to be subject to pilfering by soldiers, who, regardless of orders, will ramble in search of something for "the mess," no matter how well supplied from the Commissary Department, and where they would be comparatively safe from detection by the officers of the regiment.



The construction of the bridges across the miry "bottoms" made it necessary that we camp here several days. A number of the officers of the staff rode over to Mrs. W——'s spacious home, and found in her kindly proffered civilities a sure promise of a delightful exchange for the fare of "head-quarters."

A substantial house told unmistakably of wealth and taste, and the urgent solicitations of the ladies induced them to "light." A short call convinced our officers that this was a home of education and refinement; that the ladies were beautiful representatives of Southern hospitality. Mrs. W——, the owner of the plantation, was a "widow," perhaps thirty years old; a noble woman, and particularly pleasing in address and manner. Her niece, Miss —— (yet in her teens), a chatty little body, as wild as the wind, and the most intensely rebellious rebel they had yet seen; full of life, witty and sweet, excepting, of course, her rantings about the Federal army, subjugation, and the tantalizing comments she made in praise of "our noble army," and to the disparagement of the "Lincoln hirelings," she was quite agreeable. The other "defenseless lady" was a friend of Mrs. W——'s, the widow of a rebel captain that was killed in one of the first battles of the contest—was here on a visit—she was exquisitely beautiful. Ah, her soft black eyes, brilliant complexion, and fascinating grace and dignity, made extravagant drafts upon the descriptive powers of the staff officers when they attempted to describe her loveliness. As they consciously failed to satisfy themselves that we could see her as she appeared to them, I shall not attempt a further description; doubtless she was a lovely, sweet woman.

The house was luxuriously furnished; the grounds around tastefully laid out. Shrubbery in all the variety of Southern growth gave evidence of great care and selection, and the assurance that this would be a delightful spot when winter had released its grasp. The servants about the house, the well-built "quarters" and their occupants, gave proof of the abundance of help to keep all this in thrift and good order.

During the time occupied in building roads across the Tallahatchie bottoms and the bridge across the river, a few of the staff officers found time, as a relief from duty occurred, to visit Mrs. W——'s plantation, and enjoy an afternoon or evening in a social visit. The known protection thus afforded the ladies was immunity to the property on that plantation from the foraging expeditions of the soldiers. The ladies were grateful for the gallantry of the staff, and the staff no less grateful for the kind and cordial welcome always extended to them.

The bridge was finished but too soon, perhaps, to those most interested in the occupants of the Widow W——'s house. Who can say that all marched on without reluctance, day after day, over to Oxford, and away beyond to the camp on the Yaconapatalfa? What wonder that a regret would arise in the mind of more than one at this separation from the only place that seemed like home, and from voices and eyes like those of remembered ones away up North!

While on the wing for a march from the camp last named southward to Grenada orders came to retrace our steps. Van Dorn had attacked Holly Springs, taken Colonel Murphy and his force prisoners (excepting only the gallant Second Illinois Cavalry, two companies of which had fought their way out, after a desperate resistance), burnt and destroyed all the army stores; and evidently the expedition to Jackson and Vicksburg was at an end, for we countermarched rapidly along our newly repaired roads, burning the bridges behind us; and one night found us again encamped at the Tallahatchie.

Before we had fairly made snug arrangements for night Mrs. W—— sent an urgent message for "a guard," or, "if some of the officers could make it convenient to stay at her house that night she would feel safe from molestation by the soldiers." Some of "the staff" heard the message to General Q—by, and although he was not in humor to be very considerate of matters outside of his division, yet he granted a reluctant consent to Captain B-r-t-n, who offered to go and protect the ladies from all harm. "Remember, Captain, the guerrillas are hovering along, and it is hardly safe to be outside the lines. Take care of yourself. Every woman is a 'defenseless widow' in this country."

With Captain M-lv-n, the Assistant Quartermaster of the division, who confessed to a solicitude for unprotected "widows," Captain B-rt-n was in high condition for guarding defenseless women; and they sprang into their saddles, gave spurs to their horses, and away they galloped beyond the picket line to Mrs. W——'s plantation.

A cordial greeting awaited them, and after tea our officers whiled away the evening with music and whist until a late hour. The charming presence in which our officers reveled was enough to turn the heads of the chivalry of any age; what effect it had upon the valorous captains remains to be seen.

At bedtime they were shown into a large room across the hall from the parlor, and they soon were snugly in bed. The object of their occupying such quarters at last suggested a thought to Captain M-lv-n, somewhat in accordance with their duty, and after the quiet of a few minutes of rest he broke the silence in this way:

"B-rt-n, are you asleep?"

"Asleep? no! I was just thinking which I would rather be, *the* man to crush this unholy rebellion, or the glass that the sweet widow raised to her lips when she proposed that glorious toast for peace. Oh! paradise, what lips!"

"Pshaw! nonsense! if you had your boots on I should say you were tight; but say, B-rt-n, *I* don't feel quite easy here."

"*I* can tell you why *that* is, Captain M-lv-n; you didn't get the General's permission to come here, and I did—that's all. I'm almost entirely comfortable here, not quite. Cap, *ain't* she sweet, though!"

All is quiet again, until Captain M-lv-n says: "B-rt-n, the Colonel of the regiment I first enlisted in always told me I never should be taken prisoner unless it was while running after women away from the command. I don't feel quite easy here; what if the guerrillas should attack us to-night?"

"Oh! the d—l, Cap, go to sleep. The guerrillas arn't going to attack this house; there's nothing here but women and niggers, and the rebs are only after Government stores. They won't dare come so near our army."

"I'd rather be inside the army lines than where we are. If they should make a dash this way they might pick us up. I say, B-rt-n, where did you hitch your horse?"

"Oh, I hitched him at the gate."

"At the gate! You d—d fool. Why, your horse is white, and they'll see him a mile off!"

"Well, Captain M-lv-n, A.Q.M., where did you hitch *yours*, if you please?" said B-rt-n, indignantly.

"I took him through the garden and tied him behind a clump of evergreens, and he is out of sight. Where are your pistols, B-rt-n?"

"Pistols? Pistols? Let's see, what, *my* pistols?"

"Yes, yes, *your* pistols, where are they?"

"In the holsters on my saddle."

"Where is your saddle?"

"On the porch, I suppose; the nigger threw it there when we first came in. Now, Sir, where is your pistol, your only one, if you will gratify my inquisitiveness?"

"Under my pillow, of course. Get up and get yours, so you can use them if necessary."

"Couldn't do it, Cap. Don't catch me prowling around the house this time of night, and ladies only in the house, and we almost strangers to them. Ain't you crazy? Couldn't do it, Cap; sha'n't do it! *I've retired!*"

And so we will leave them to sleep, with a white horse at the gate and a brace of pistols snugly in the holsters on the front steps!

At supper-table at head-quarters, Capt. R-ch—ter, the Assistant Adjutant-General, proposed being one of four to go and capture the chivalric captains, and put a stop to this kind of duty by staff officers of this division. It met with a hearty response, and the plan was matured by increasing the number to fifteen.

Colonel St-rr-ng, of the Seventy-Second Illinois, was to command the expedition, while Captain ——, of the same regiment, should be "Captain C. L. Orton, of First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade, Southwest Division," two of the division teamsters to act as guerrillas with "Captain Orton," to enter the house, take them prisoners, rob them and parole them; the rest of the force were to make noise enough outside to represent at least a regiment of rebel cavalry.

The paroles were written out ready for signatures, and nothing was needed but the General's consent to the excursion.

Captain R-ch—ter knew that General Q—by was exceedingly annoyed by the applications for "guards," and was distrustful of the numerous "widows" who craved protection along the route, and as the General had made no objection at the tea-table to the proposed plan, now ventured to gain his consent.

"But some men would shoot you if you undertook that game," said the General.

"Can we go, General?"

"Adjutant, the order of march to-morrow morning will be the same as to-day; march at 7 o'clock precisely."

"Yes, Sir. I have sent orderlies to the several brigades with the order; but, General, *can we go?*"

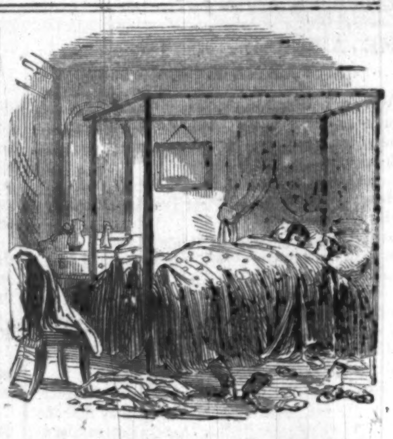
"You will see, Captain R-ch—ter, that the order in regard to stragglers is sent to the commanders of each brigade," and that was all that R-ch—ter could gain in reply, though he imagined he could see a relish for the proposed trip in the General's eye.

The guerrilla party, made up of officers who were the daily associates of those they proposed to capture, found some difficulty in passing out of the lines, but succeeded about midnight, and went carefully, cautiously on.

"Captain C. L. Orton" was disguised in a "butternut" coat and secesh cap, the two teamsters who were to enter the house were disguised as guerrillas, although all were fearful they might be recognized by Captain M-lv-n, the Assistant Quarter-master, who from his duties had personal knowledge of every teamster in the division.

While passing through a deep ravine they heard voices in the dark woods ahead and stopped. Here was something not provided for. A *genuine* guerrilla party might be now in their way; a moment's consultation and they dashed along through the mud at a gallop, determined to fight it out and capture the rebels if they could.

This proved to be a drove of contrabands, men and women, old and young. "What are you doing here this dark night, you black rascals?" called out Colonel St-rr-ng.



"We's only niggers," but seeing the United States uniform the negro changed tone of voice instantly, and added,

"We's conterbans!"

"But who do you belong to?"

"We 'longs to Missus W——, and we's done gone clar out, ebery one ob us."

"Where are you going?"

"To de Yankee army."

"How many are there of you?"

"About twenty-five head, ole an' young, massa."

By this time matters all around were clearly understood, and the escort to this black squad proved to be, as they emerged from the thicket by the roadside, two soldiers from the Third Michigan Cavalry, who had been foraging at Mrs. W——'s on their own account, and had run off the whole slave force of the plantation.

"But aren't there some Federal officers there?" asked Colonel St-rr-ng.

"Lor', yes, massa! dey comed dar about a hour by sun, and dey 'joy des selves wid de ladies all de ebenin'; dey hab de gayest kind ob a time."

"Where are they now?"

"Golly! de ben bed more'n two hours; dey's fas' 'sleep shuah, kase I seed dem."

"In what room?"

"I knows," called out a negress. "I waits on de company in de parlor all de ebenin', and makes de bed for de gemmen, an' it's in de fron' ob de house, jus' 'cross de hall from de parlor, at de lef' han', when you go in de fron' doah."

"Is there any one about the house besides your mistress?"

"Oh yes. Dere is ole Missus and young Missus, and de sweet Missus what's visitin', and de two officers; dat's all."

"Are there no servants about the house?"

"Not a one, massa, only Joe, and he's in de furdest quarters. He laid out to stay and bil' de fire in de mornin' for de ladies before dey's up; den he's comin' too. Dey's got to get de breakfus' des selves, dey has. I fix it all ready for Missus, 'cause she's allers good to me. But we's free now! we's goin' Norf! But I feels mos' sorry for Missus."

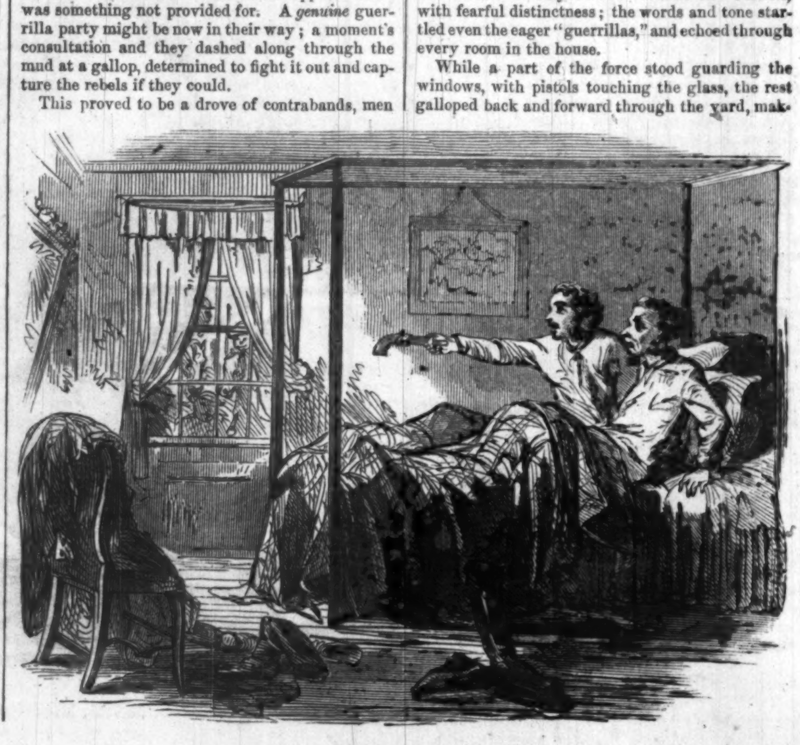
Here were the slaves of that plantation, all their baggage packed upon four mules, as none other than niggers do pile it up, under guidance of two thieving cavalry men, on their way to the Federal lines! It afforded a forcible evidence of the vigilance of the worthy captains who had volunteered to protect the ladies from the soldiers. It was a rich prelude; for the "Guerrilla Band" were now ready for music.

They now dashed along the road to the house; the clanging of sabres and rapid clattering of hoofs made a terrible certainty that something was in the wind.

"Surround that house!" shouted Col. St-rr-ng; and the "guerrillas" plunged through the yard and up to the windows with pistols drawn.

"Captain Orton, dismount with your men! Go in and take the abolition scoundrels prisoners! Shoot them if they resist!" roared the Colonel, with fearful distinctness; the words and tone startled even the eager "guerrillas," and echoed through every room in the house.

While a part of the force stood guarding the windows, with pistols touching the glass, the rest galloped back and forward through the yard, mak-



ing all the noise possible. A pile of plank near by served this purpose; it was pushed down, and the "guerrillas" took especial care to gallop their horses upon and over the loose boards. The horses were frantic with excitement. This was about the state of the weather when "Captain Orton" pounded against the bedroom door.

"Who's there?" called out Captain B–rt–n.

"Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade."

"All right!" answered Captain B–rt–n.

Resistance to such a force was worse than folly, particularly if they remembered that they had but one pistol for defense. So the officers unlocked the door and yielded a reluctant assent to the demand—"Do you surrender peaceably?" So the "guerrillas" strode into the room with pistols cocked and pointed at the heads of their victims.

At the first alarm the ladies had called for their servants; but not a reply, nor could they find one about the house; concluding that they were frightened and left the house at the first sound of the attack, with lamps trimmed and burning they were down in the hall in their night-dresses.

Miss —— was in a perfect ecstasy of delight. "How *did* you know they were here? You've caught them nicely! That's right! You're in a holy cause, and God will bless you!" and dancing around and patting the "guerrillas" approvingly.

The "widows," both of them, plead earnestly for the Federal Captains—"not to kill them; they were perfect gentlemen—had treated them very kindly—had protected them from the ruffian soldiery: the officers behaved like gentlemen, but the soldiers so shamefully!"

"Give up your arms, gentlemen," said "Captain Orton."

"Here are their swords, on the table in the hall," said one of the "widows."

Captain M–lv–n gave up his pistol.

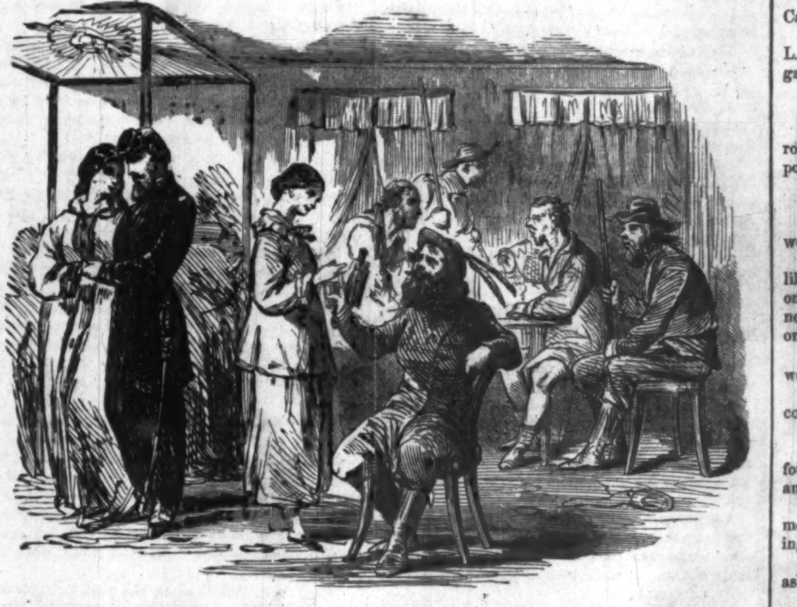
"Is that all?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you—?" turning to Captain B–rt–n.

"Mine are in my holsters, out on the porch."

This was too laughable, and the "guerrillas" smiled audibly, a tinge of derision being uppermost in their merriment.



They were ordered to dress immediately, which process was not at all hastened by what Captain B–rt–n styled "those money-or-your-life fellows, cocked, and the hole in them looking into your brains," that the "guerrillas" held in close proximity to their heads.

"Now your money," said "Captain Orton."

Captain B–rt–n handed out a trifle. "That's all I've got. Secretary Chase has not been in funds for some time, and consequently we are out of money."

Captain M–lv–n denied having any of his own.

"But you are Division Quarter-master, and must have Government funds."

"All I have was due deceased soldiers, and belongs to their families, and I'll see you d——d, Sir, before I'll give that up! If you are soldiers, treat us as soldiers. Our private property is sacred. I want to see your General. I understand he is a gentleman. Take us to him."

"Well, well," says "Captain Orton;" "hurry up! We've no time to lose: it is fifteen miles to camp."

This was an unexpected turn. The "guerrillas" had not reckoned on taking them to camp. Lieutenant L—ll from the door called out, "Come, boys, run out your halter-straps. We ain't to be bothered with these Yankee cusses long. It's woods all the way, and strong limbs are plenty on the road to camp."

Just here an orderly ran up with a message to "Captain Orton."

"The Colonel orders you to parole the prisoners and fall in at once for camp."

The paroles were laid on the table, and our captains having assented to this arrangement were now seated, reading over what they were required to sign—reluctantly they concluded to do it, and each signed the paper.

While this was taking place the rebel Miss —— was chatting with one of the teamsters and pouring out whisky for them all, expressing her regrets that she had nothing better, as *the Yankees had drank up every thing else.*

"Captain Orton" took occasion to slip his arm around the fascinating widow, and drew her in a decidedly affectionate, if not familiar, hug toward him, asking her if she was not "glad to see him." He says she whispered, "I never was so happy in my life." The captive prisoners stoutly deny that part of it.

After an affectionate exchange of civilities with the ladies, and the taunt that so soon as they were gone they would be "claiming Yankee protection" again, "Captain Orton" required the solemn pledge and word of honor that neither of the Federal officers should leave that house before eight o'clock next morning; then taking Captain B–rt–n's horse and equipments they mounted and galloped off.

Our captains were congratulating each other at the terms upon which they had escaped death, when one of the "guerrilla" party came stumbling into the room and gathered up the cloaks. It was the teamster who had received so much attention from Miss ——.

"What do you propose to do with those cloaks?" asked Captain M–lv–n, as the "guerrilla" was walking out with them.

"I reckon they'll be about right to keep some of our boys warm; you uns can get more of them, and we uns can't do it."

"See here," says Captain M–lv–n, "are you a Major?"

"No, Sir!" (And he drew upon his face a most insulting grimace.)

"A Captain?"

"No, Sir!" (Another grin.)

"A Lieutenant?"

"No, Sir!" (Grinning still.)

"A Sergeant?"

"No, Sir!" (More grinning.)

"Then what are you, Sir?"

"I'm a private, Company A, Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade, Southwest Division!" (This was in the most impudent manner possible.)

"What is your name?"

"Bab-cock, Sir!"

"Well, then, Mr. Babcock, you just put down those cloaks. Your Captain has allowed us to keep our personal property, and you can't take any from here without his orders."

"Well," says Babcock, dropping the cloaks, "it seems to me the Capten was a *leetle* too fast just then." Out he went, mounted his horse, and was gone.

I am not sure that the conversation of our paroled captains, when left to themselves, as they undressed for bed and until they were asleep, would pass muster as an example of pious resignation. They inclined to expressions of profane disgust while reviewing the incidents of their recent experience in protecting defenseless women. They were entirely willing to kick any body, even each other. They did not indicate any desirable interest in the female portion of the Southern Confederacy, and they divided their maledictions between "Babcock" and women generally.

They were startled from sleep about daylight by the sudden raising of a window; and now wide awake they awaited another attack in silence.

A great negro pushed about half his body into the room, and in a loud whisper, said—"Massa! Massa! dem kavery done gone and steal ebery nigger on de plantation; de home servunts, ole and young, and de bess mules, and all de plunder dey could tote, and vegetomals, and I'se gwi-in to see what's de matter. I lite de fire in de kitchum fus, an now Joe's off too." He drew himself carefully out of the window, as carefully set down the sash, and was gone.

They looked at each other, drew long breaths. "Cap," says B–rt–n; "ain't this the state of sin and misery?" So they pondered over the news in silence.

The domestic arrangements of the house in the culinary department being now under new management quite a late breakfast was the result; indeed our warriors had lost some of their former interest in the ladies who occupied a part of that house, and remained in the room until called to breakfast. I would not intimate that they were entirely unmindful of a word of honor, given during the past night, that they would not leave the house until after eight o'clock, as they made no preparation for marching until that hour had fairly passed.

At the breakfast-table, the only position assumed that was at all creditable to either of the persons there assembled was in the indignant thrust made by one of the captains against the often-made charge "that our troops run off slaves from loyal owners." It was in reply to some tart remark of Miss ——. "You have," said Captain B–rt–n, "indisputable evidence that *your own troops* are engaged in stealing slaves; they certainly have made a clean sweep *here!*" This was "a clincher" in the way of justification. The "widows" were astonished at this evidence, particularly Mrs. W——, who was now without a slave. This incident placed each of the parties upon about an equal footing, so no matter about giving the details of that breakfast chat.

Our staff officers saddled their one horse; one of them mounted; the other, as high private, on foot, bade the ladies "Good-morning" (with the mental accompaniment of good-by to any and all offers of protection to defenseless women in future), and marched off for camp. They noticed a great deal of mud in the road not there the afternoon before. "It must have rained, but they did not hear it—mud was awful!—what horrid roads!" etc.

"How are we to manage this at head-quarters?"

"Own up, of course, that we were captured; tell the whole story, excepting the paroles. Guerrillas have no business to parole an officer or private; they are outlaws any how; not owned in their own '*shebang*' of a Confederacy as soldiers. No, Sir! deny that we were paroled until [a very warm place] freezes over, and we have to go there on skates!"

So it was agreed upon.

"There comes the General and Lieut. Wh–te! M–lv–n, now remember about the paroles. Whew! [wiping the perspiration from his forehead] I wish we were over this, and 'into the middle of next week!' I never fully appreciated that idea before."

The division had filed out from camp at seven o'clock that morning, and taken the line of march northward. The General inquired for his aids, but no one knew *just* where they were. Eight o'clock came and passed, and yet they had not made their appearance. About nine o'clock, and with the Provost Marshal followed by the escort, he rode rapidly down the road toward Mrs. W——'s plantation.

"Something must have happened to them."

"Gentlemen," said the General, as he rode up, "what does this mean?"

"Prisoners, by G–d!" answered both at the same breath.

"Tut, tut, tut! young gentlemen, no profanity. Captain B–rt–n, where is your horse?"

"Gobbled, General; GOBBLED! Captain C. L. Orton, First Tennessee Cavalry, Jackson's Brigade!"

"*Guerrillas!* General," says Captain M–lv–n.

"What do you mean, gentlemen?"

"Mean that we have been taken prisoners—robbed of every thing! They surprised us, overpowered us both, and we had to surrender."

"Where were you?"

"At Mrs. W——'s."

"Probably she sent word to the rebels that you were there."

"No, no, General! The women plead for us like good fellows. We would have been *hung* at once, or *shot*, if it had not been for them. No, Sir! no, Sir! Why, the lousy butternuts stole every one of her niggers, mules, and all."

"What! while you were there? I thought you went there to guard her premises?"

"Yes; but what could we do against a whole company?"

"How many were there?"

"A whole regiment surrounded the house, and four strapping great fellows burst open the door and upon us before we had time to do any thing."

"Yes," said Captain B–rt–n; "and with these money-or-your-life fellows, the holes in them looking right through you!"

"What kind of looking fellows were they?" asked Lieutenant Wh–te.

"The most devilish set of infernal cut-throats! Long-bearded, dirty scoundrels! but armed to their teeth. *All had revolvers!*"

"But how did you get away? You say they took you prisoners, did they parole you?" asked the General.

"No, Sir!" (At one breath both.) "They tried to rob me of my money, the lousy thieves!" said Captain M–lv–n. "Cap here hadn't any; and I swore they might take us to their camp, I wouldn't submit to it; and we swore we wouldn't be paroled, they might hang us first. Something must have alarmed them. Some one rode up and called to them from outside. They must have expected an attack from our army, and they left as quick as they came."

This was too much for General Q–by, who had listened with apparent incredulity to their earnest explanations, and, lest he should roar out in laughter at them, whirled his horse and galloped back to the marching division.

"Yes, and stole my horse, saddle, bridle, pistols, and sword—saddle cost me ninety dollars!" shouted Captain B–rt–n after him.

Lieutenant Wh–te turned back and asked how the women acted. "It was a plan by them to have you captured."

"No, indeed! Why the women were frightened half to death. They begged and plead for our lives—said we were gentlemen, who had treated them well and protected them; and *all of them stood between us and death—between us and death, Sir!*"

The Lieutenant's horse just then made a tremendous spring ahead—probably from having the rowels of the spurs plunged into his side—and the Lieutenant soon overtook and joined the General.

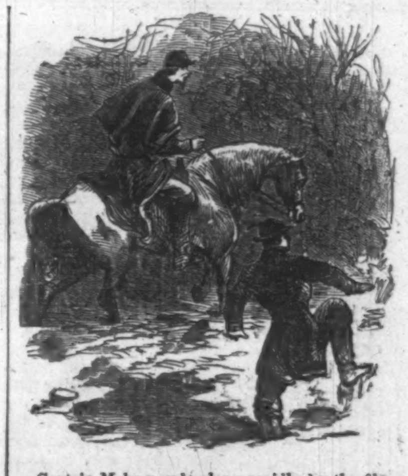
"They don't believe us, Cap," said M–lv–n.

"Well, I do," answered B–rt–n.

"Wonder how the General would feel if *he* was taken prisoner as we were!"

"Well, Captain M–lv–n, I *don't* wonder how he'd feel, for I know how *I* feel! Some of those lazy escort might have let me have a horse. They never offered us one."

When they overtook the division Captain B–rt–n jumped into the first ambulance and rode there until a horse was sent for him, when he hurried along and took his place with the rest of the staff at the head of the division.



Captain M–lv–n rode along rapidly by the files of privates, but had to stop at the head of each regiment and tell his adventure. All laughed at it; wouldn't believe it. He had commenced with telling that four came into the room, and reached forty or fifty by the time he joined the staff. Having acquired a facility by frequent repetitions, he rapidly told his story. Every body was incredulous. Captain B–rt–n must be sent for, and his story must be heard.

When Captain B–rt–n came they only agreed on the subject of paroles—here precisely. Can you imagine the fun we had all that day? Such Munchausen-like additions as were piled on at each succeeding repetition of their adventure; so vexed and angry would they become when we doubted any or all of it—such descriptions of the guerrillas, "the cut-throats," a drunken rowdy set of beggars (and we were hearing our own looks described). "Babcock" was the special object of Captain M–lv–n's ire; all he wanted to live for was to meet "*that Babcock some time!*" I can not describe that day's ride but by saying we laughed all day long.

When night came and camp ground selected, Lieutenant Eric—n would not be satisfied that the prisoners escaped without being "paroled;" and, as we were all awaiting the pitching of the tents, flatly told them he didn't believe them, and called out, "Captain R–ch—ter, how did the parole run?" "About like this," said R–ch—ter. "I—and A. Q.M., and I, Captain —— and A.D.C.," repeating the exact words of the parole.

Both of the victims looked amazed. "But," said Captain M–lv–n, "any one knows how to make up a parole" (voice a little faint). "But don't you know that you have been sold? Here, M–lv–n," said Captain R–ch—ter, reaching down and handing it to him, "is your pistol; and B–rt–n, here are yours, that were in your holsters on the porch. There comes your horse that was hitched at the gate, and your swords are in that ambulance. (Bring them here, Will.) *Do you* TAKE, GENTLEMEN?"

I was watching M–lv–n as he took the pistol: he turned deathly pale; felt of it as though about to use it; looked up at Captain R–ch—ter, and his eyes looked wicked. The General said, "Take it kindly, M–lv–n, as a practical joke." A moment more, and the Captain dropped the pistol and sat down. "It's all right, gentlemen; I'm sold!"

"Yes," said the persistent Eric—n, "*and there's 'Babcock' pitching your tent!*"

A few nights after this all were invited to a certain tent; the Guerrilla Band were there—a ballad to suit the subject was given by the choir—all joined in the chorus; and thus ended all guarding rebel property in this division.

The "Widow" W—— is still in ignorance of the truth of that night's adventure, and will be until, perhaps, this record meets her eye. The "sweet widow" will please accept "Captain C. L. Orton's" compliments. Miss —— does not deserve any.

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot:
If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain:
Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

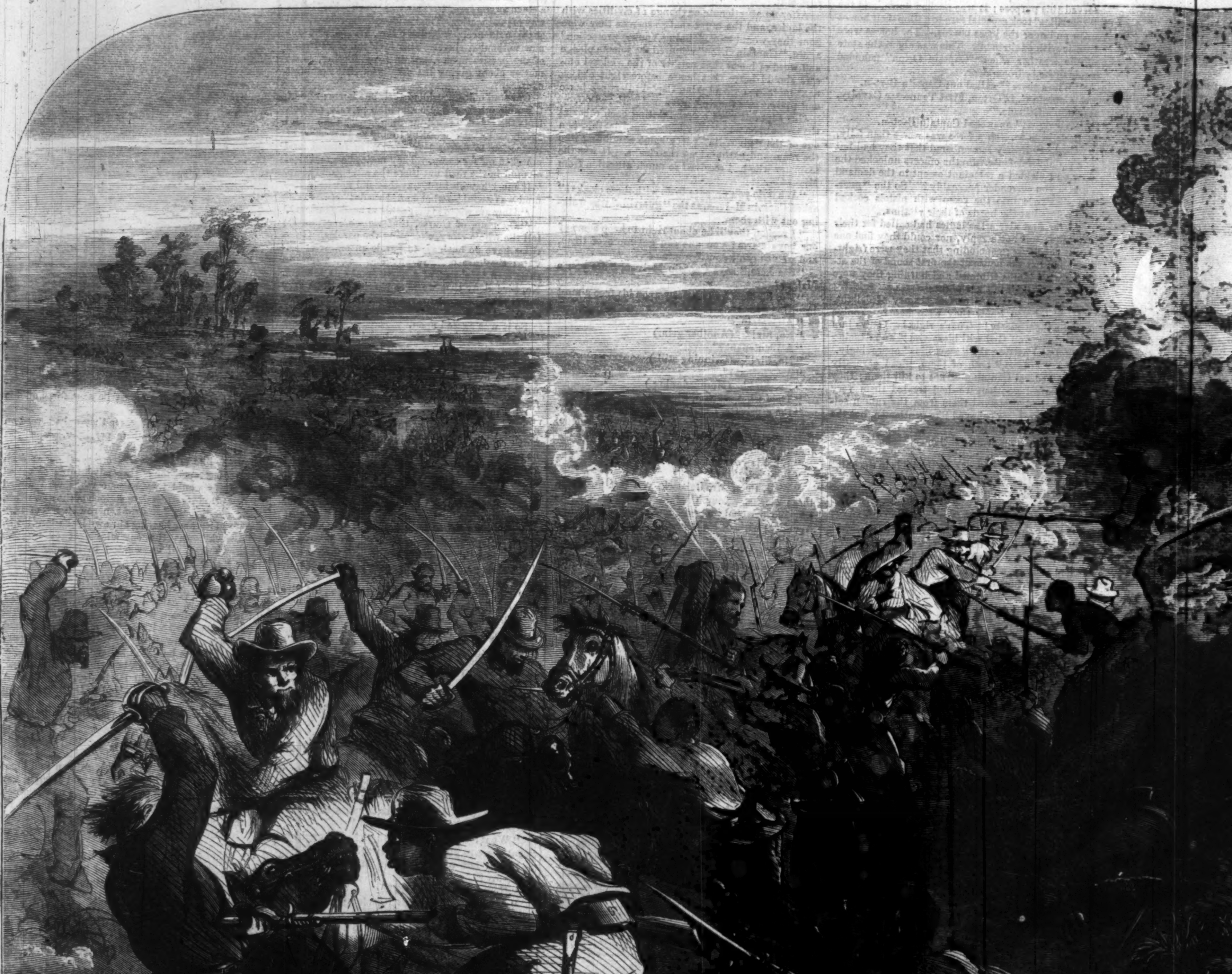
Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee:
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

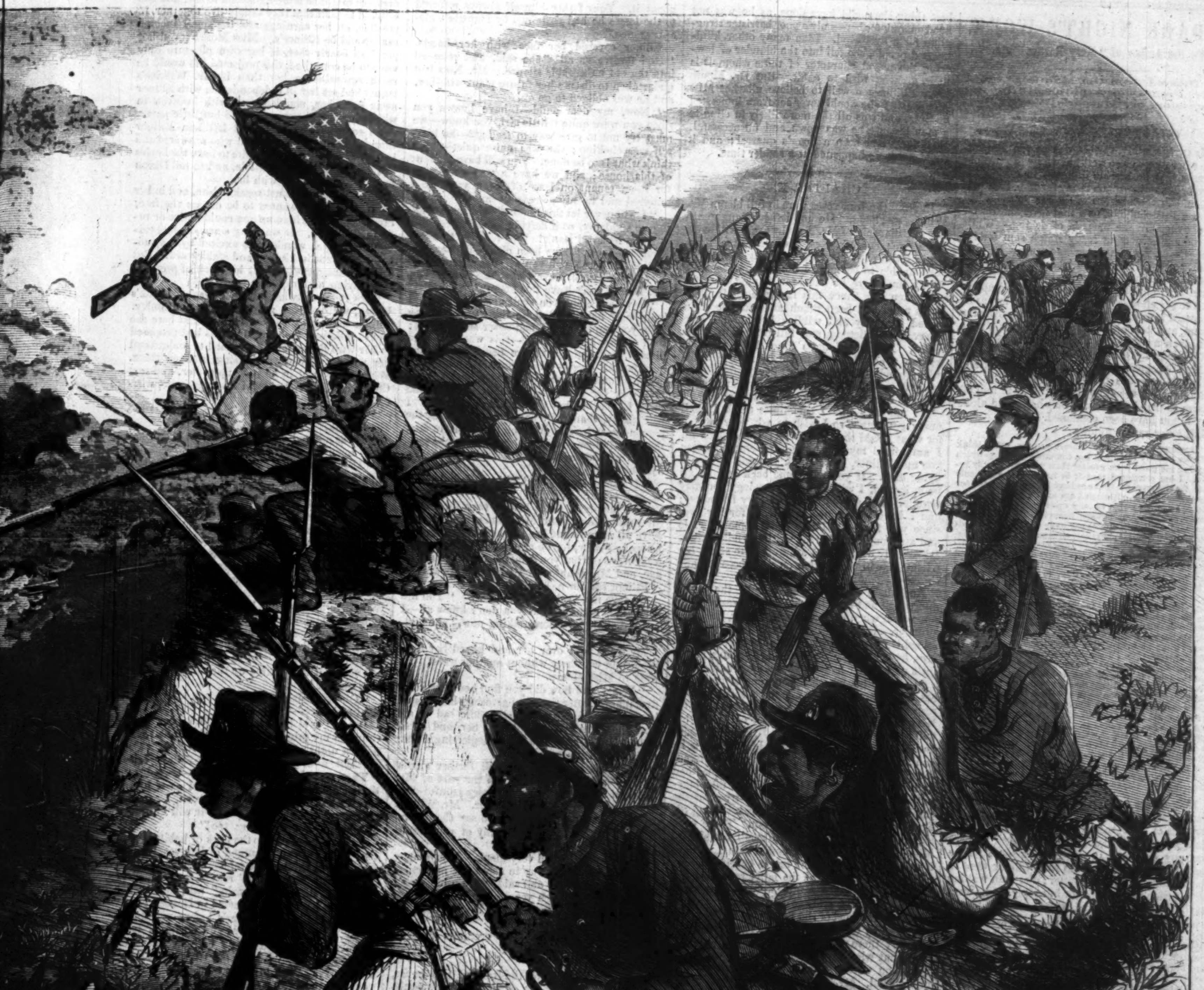
One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board:
Above the raving of the gale
 I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
 I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light;
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
 The end is this:
And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.



A NEGRO REGIMENT IN ACT



ACTION.—[See Page 174.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

Meanwhile Mr. Corbet was at the Parsonage, where he was so well known by the two old servants that he had no difficulty in having the spare bedchamber made ready for him, late as it was, and in the absence of the master, who had taken a little holiday, now that Lent and Easter were over, for the purpose of fishing. While his room was getting ready Ralph sent for his clothes, and by the same messenger he dispatched the little note to Ellinor. But there was the letter he had promised her in it still to be written; and it was almost his night's employment to say enough yet not too much; for, as he expressed it to himself, he was half-way over the stream, and it would be folly to turn back, for he had given nearly as much pain both to himself and Ellinor by this time as he should do by making the separation final. Besides, after Mr. Wilkins's speeches that evening—but he was candid enough to acknowledge that, bad and offensive as they had been, if they had stood alone they might have been condoned.

His letter ran as follows:

> "Dearest Ellinor,—for dearest you are, and I think will ever be—my judgment has consented to a step which is giving me great pain, greater than you will readily believe. I am convinced that it is better that we should part; for circumstances have occurred since we formed our engagement which, although I am unaware of their exact nature, I can see weigh heavily upon you, and have materially affected your father's behavior. Nay, I think, after to-night, I may almost say have entirely altered his feelings toward me. What these circumstances are I am ignorant, any further than that I know from your own admission that they may lead to some future disgrace. Now, it may be my fault, it may be in my temperament, to be anxious, above all things earthly, to obtain and possess a high reputation. I can only say that it is so, and leave you to blame me for my weakness as much as you like. But any thing that might come in between me and this object would, I own, be ill-tolerated by me; the very dread of such an obstacle intervening would paralyze me. I should become irritable, and, deep as my affection is and always must be toward you, I could not promise you a happy, peaceful life. I should be perpetually haunted by the idea of what might happen in the way of discovery and shame. I am the more convinced of this from my observation of your father's altered character—an alteration which I trace back to the time when I conjecture that the secret affairs took place to which you have alluded. In short, it is for your sake, my dear Ellinor, even more than for my own, that I feel compelled to affix a final meaning to the words which your father addressed to me last night, when he desired me to leave his house forever. God bless you, my Ellinor, for the last time my Ellinor. Try to forget as soon as you can the unfortunate tie which has bound you for a time to one so unsuitable—I believe I ought to say so unworthy of you—as—Ralph Corbet."

Ellinor was making breakfast when this letter was given her. According to the wont of the servants of the respective households of the Parsonage and Ford Bank, the man asked if there was any answer. It was only custom; for he had not been desired to do so. Ellinor went to the window to read her letter; the man waiting all the time respectfully for her reply. She went to the writing-table, and wrote:

> "It is all right—quite right. I ought to have thought of it all last August. I do not think you will forget me easily, but I entreat you never at any future time to blame yourself. I hope you will be happy and successful. I suppose I must never write to you again; but I shall always pray for you. Papa was very sorry last night for having spoken angrily to you. You must forgive him—there is great need for forgiveness in this world.—Ellinor."

She kept putting down thought after thought, just to prolong the last pleasure of writing to him. She sealed the note and gave it to the man. Then she sat down and waited for Miss Monro, who had gone to bed on the previous night without awaiting Ellinor's return from the dining-room.

"I am late, my dear," said Miss Monro, on coming down, "but I have had a bad headache, and I knew you had a pleasant companion." Then looking round she perceived Ralph's absence.

"Mr. Corbet not down yet!" she exclaimed. And then Ellinor had to tell her the outline of the facts so soon likely to be made public; that Mr. Corbet and she had determined to break off their engagement; and that Mr. Corbet had accordingly betaken himself to the Parsonage; and that she did not expect him to return to Ford Bank. Miss Monro's astonishment was unbounded. She kept going over and over all the little circumstances she had noticed during this last visit, only on yesterday, in fact, which she could not reconcile with the notion that the two, apparently so much attached to each other but a few hours before, were now to be forever separated and estranged. Ellinor sickened under the torture, which yet seemed like torture in a dream, from which there must come an awakening and a relief. She felt as if she could not bear any more; yet there was more to bear. Her father, as it turned out, was very ill, and had been so all night long; he had evidently had some kind of attack on the brain, whether apoplectic or paralytic it was for the doctors to decide. In the hurry and anxiety of this day of misery succeeding to misery she almost forgot to wonder whether Ralph were still at the Parsonage—still in Hamley; it was not till the coming visit of the physician that she learned that he had been seen by Dr. Moore as he was taking his place in the morning mail to London. Dr. Moore alluded to his name as to a thought that would cheer and comfort the fragile girl during her night-watch by her father's bedside. But Miss Monro stole out after Dr. Moore to warn him off the subject for the future, crying bitterly over the forlorn position of her darling as she spoke—crying as Ellinor had never yet been able to cry; though all the time, in the pride of her sex, she was endeavoring to persuade the Doctor it was all Ellinor's doing, and the wisest and best thing she could have done, as he was not good enough for her—only a poor barrister struggling for a livelihood. Like many other kind-hearted people, she fell into the blunder of lowering the moral character of those whom it is their greatest wish to exalt. But Dr. Moore knew Ellinor too well to believe all that Miss Monro said; she would never act from interested motives, and was all the more likely to cling to a man because he was down and unsuccessful. No! there had been a lover's quarrel; and it could not have happened at a sadder time.

CHAPTER X.

Before the June roses were in full bloom Mr. Wilkins was dead. He had left his daughter to the guardianship of Mr. Ness by some will made years ago; but Mr. Ness had caught a rheumatic fever with his Easter fishings, and had been unable to be moved home from the little Welsh inn where he had been staying when he was taken ill. Since this last attack Mr. Wilkins's mind had been much affected; he often talked strangely and wildly; but he had rare intervals of quietness and full possession of his senses. At one of these times he must have written a half-finished pencil-note, which his nurse found under his pillow after his death and brought to Ellinor. Through her tear-blinded eyes she read the weak, faltering words:

"I am very ill. I sometimes think I shall never get better, so I wish to ask your pardon for what I said the night before I was taken ill. I am afraid my anger made mischief between you and Ellinor, but I think you will forgive a dying man. If you will come back and let all be as it used, I will make any apology you may require. If I go she will be so very friendless; and I have looked to you to care for her ever since you first—" There came some illegible and apparently incoherent writing, ending with, "From my death-bed I adjure you to stand her friend; I will beg pardon on my knees for any thing—"

And there strength had failed; the paper and pencil had been laid aside to be resumed at some time when the brain was clearer, the hand stronger. Ellinor kissed the letter, reverently folded it up, and laid it among her sacred treasures, by her mother's half-finished sewing, and a little curl of her baby-sister's golden hair.

Mr. Johnson, who had been one of the trustees for Mrs. Wilkins's marriage settlement, a respectable solicitor in the county town, and Mr. Ness, had been appointed as executors of his will and guardians to Ellinor. The will itself had been made several years before, when he had imagined himself the possessor of a handsome fortune, the bulk of which he bequeathed to his only child. By her mother's marriage-settlement Ford Bank was held in trust for the children of the marriage; the trustees being Sir Frank Holster and Mr. Johnson. There were legacies to his executors; a small annuity to Miss Monro, with the expression of a hope that it might be arranged for her to continue living with Ellinor as long as the latter remained unmarried; all his servants were remembered, Dixon especially, and most liberally.

What remained of the handsome fortune once possessed by the testator? The executors asked in vain; there was nothing. They could hardly make out what had become of it, in such utter confusion were all the accounts, both personal and official. Mr. Johnson was hardly restrained by his compassion for the orphan from throwing up the executorship in disgust. Mr. Ness roused himself from his scholar-like abstraction from all business to labor at the examination of books, parchments, and papers, for Ellinor's sake. Sir Frank Holster professed himself only a trustee for the Ford Bank.

Meanwhile she went on living at Ford Bank, quite unconscious of the state of her father's affairs, but sunk into a deep plaintive melancholy, which affected her looks and the tones of her voice in such a manner as to distress Miss Monro exceedingly. It was not that the good lady did not quite acknowledge the great cause her pupil had for grieving—deserted by her lover, her father dead—but that she could not bear the outward signs of how much these sorrows had told on Ellinor. Her love for the poor girl was infinitely distressed by seeing the daily wasting away, the constant heavy depression of spirits, and she grew impatient of the continual pain of sympathy. If Miss Monro could have done something to relieve Ellinor of her woe she would have been less inclined to scold her for giving way to it.

The time came when Miss Monro could act; and after that there was no more irritation on her part. When all hope of Ellinor's having any thing beyond the house and grounds of Ford Bank was gone; when it was proved that of all the legacies bequeathed by Mr. Wilkins not one farthing could ever be paid; when it came to be a question how far the beautiful pictures and other objects of art in the house were not legally the property of unsatisfied creditors, the state of her father's affairs was communicated to Ellinor as delicately as Mr. Ness knew how.

She was drooping over her work—she always drooped now—and she left off sewing to listen to him, leaning her head on the arm which rested on the table. She did not speak when he had ended his statement. She was silent for whole minutes afterward; he went on speaking out of very agitation and awkwardness:

"It was all the rascal Dunster's doing, I've no doubt," said he, trying to account for the entire loss of Mr. Wilkins's fortune.

To his surprise she lifted up her white stony face, and said, slowly and faintly, but with almost solemn calmness:

"Mr. Ness, you must never allow Mr. Dunster to be blamed for this!"

"My dear Ellinor, there can be no doubt about it. Your father himself always referred to the losses he had sustained by Dunster's disappearance."

Ellinor covered her face with her hands. "God forgive us all!" she said, and relapsed into the old unbearable silence. Mr. Ness had undertaken to discuss her future plans with her, and he was obliged to go on.

"Now, my dear child—I have known you since you were quite a little girl, you know—we must try not to give way to feeling"—he himself was choking; she was quite quiet—"but think what is to be done. You will have the rent of this house; and we have a very good offer for it—a tenant on lease of seven years at a hundred and twenty pounds a year—"

"I will never let this house!" said she, standing up suddenly, as if defying him.

"Not let Ford Bank! Why? I don't understand it—I can't have been clear—Ellinor, the rent of this house is all you will have to live on!"

"I can't help it, I can't leave this house. Oh, Mr. Ness, I can't leave this house!"

"My dear child, you shall not be hurried; I know how hardly all these things are coming upon you (and I wish I had never seen Corbet; with all my heart I do!)"—this was almost to himself, but she must have heard it, for she quivered all over—"but leave this house you must. You must eat, and the rent of this house must pay for your food; you must dress, and there is nothing but the rent to clothe you. I will gladly, thankfully have you to stay at the parsonage as long as ever you like; but, in fact, the negotiations with Mr. Osbaldistone, the gentleman who offers to take the house, are nearly completed—"

"It is my house!" said Ellinor, fiercely. "I know it is settled on me."

"No, my dear. It is held in trust for you by Sir Frank Holster and Mr. Johnson; you to receive all moneys and benefits accruing from it;" he spoke gently, for he almost thought her head was turned; "but you remember you are not of age, and Mr. Johnson and I have full power."

Ellinor sat down, helpless.

"Leave me," said she, at length. "You are very kind, I know; but you don't know all—I can not stand any more talking now," she added, faintly.

Mr. Ness bent over her and kissed her forehead, and withdrew without another word. He went to Miss Monro.

"Well! and how did you find her?" was her first inquiry, after the usual greetings had passed between them. "It is really quite sad to see how she gives way; I speak to her, and speak to her, and tell her how she is neglecting all her duties, and it does no good."

"She has had to bear a still further sorrow to-day," said Mr. Ness. "On the part of Mr. Johnson and myself I have a very painful duty to perform to you as well as to her. Mr. Wilkins has died insolvent. I grieve to say there is no hope of your ever receiving any of your annuity!"

Miss Monro looked very blank. Many happy little visions faded away in those few moments; then she roused up, and said, "I am but forty; I have a good fifteen years of work in me left yet, thank God! Insolvent! Do you mean he has left no money?"

"Not a farthing. The creditors may be thankful if they are fully paid."

"And Ellinor?"

"Ellinor will have the rent of this house, which is hers by right of her mother's settlement, to live on."

"How much will that be?"

"One hundred and twenty pounds."

Miss Monro's lips went into the form of a mouth prepared for whistling. Mr. Ness continued:

"She is at present unwilling enough to leave this house, poor girl. It is but natural; but she has no power in the matter, even were there any other course open to her. I can only say how glad, how honored I shall feel by as long a visit as you and she can be prevailed upon to pay me at the parsonage."

"Where is Mr. Corbet?" said Miss Monro.

"I do not know. After breaking off his engagement he wrote me a long letter—explanatory, as he called it; exculpatory, as I termed it. I wrote back, curtly enough, saying that I regretted the breaking off of an intercourse which had always been pleasant to me; but that he must be aware that, with my intimacy with the family at Ford Bank, it would be both awkward and unpleasant to all parties if he and I remained on our previous footing. Who is that going past the window? Ellinor riding!"

Miss Monro went to the window. "Yes! I am thankful to see her on horseback again. It was only this morning I advised her to have a ride."

"Poor Dixon! he will suffer too. His legacy can no more be paid than the others; and it is not many young ladies who will be as content to have so old-fashioned a groom riding after them as Ellinor seems to be."

As soon as Mr. Ness had left, Miss Monro went to her desk and wrote a long letter to some friends she had at the cathedral town of East Chester, where she had spent some happy years of her former life. Her thoughts had gone back to this time even while Mr. Ness had been speaking; for it was there her father had lived, and it was after his death that her cares in search of subsistence had begun. But the recollections of the peaceful years spent there were stronger than the remembrance of the weeks of sorrow and care; and, while Ellinor's marriage had seemed a probable event, she had made many a little plan of returning to her native place, and obtaining what daily teaching she could there meet with, and the friends to whom she was now writing had promised her their aid. She thought that, as Ellinor had to leave Ford Bank, a home at a distance might be more agreeable to her, and she went on to plan that they should live together, if possible, on her earnings and the small income that would be Ellinor's. Miss Monro loved her pupil so dearly that, if her own pleasure only were to be consulted, this projected life would be more agreeable to her than if Mr. Wilkins's legacy had set her in independence, with Ellinor away from her, married, and with interests in which her former governess had but little part.

As soon as Mr. Ness had left her, Ellinor rang, and startled the servant who answered the bell by her sudden sharp desire to have the horses at the door as soon as possible, and to tell Dixon to be ready to go out with her.

She felt that she must speak to him, and in her nervous state she wanted to be out on the free, broad common, where no one could notice or remark their talk. It was long since she had ridden, and much wonder was excited by the sudden movement in kitchen and stable-yard. But Dixon went gravely about his work of preparation, saying nothing.

They rode pretty hard till they reached Monk's Heath, six or seven miles away from Hamley. Ellinor had previously determined that here she would talk over the plan Mr. Ness had proposed to her with Dixon, and he seemed to understand her without any words passing between them. When she reined in he rode up to her, and met the gaze of her sad eyes with sympathetic, wistful silence.

"Dixon," said she, "they say I must leave Ford Bank."

"I was afeared on it, from all I've heered say i' the town since the master's death."

"Then you've heard—then you know—that papa has left hardly any money. My poor, dear Dixon, you won't have your legacy, and I never thought of that before!"

"Never heed, never heed!" said he, eagerly; "I couldn't have touched it if it had been there, for the taking it would ha' seemed too like—" Blood-money, he was going to say, but he stopped in time. She guessed the meaning, though not the word he would have used.

"No, not that," said she; "his will was dated years before. But oh, Dixon, what must I do? They will make me leave Ford Bank, I see. I think the trustees have half let it already."

"But you'll have the rent on't, I reckon?" asked he, anxiously. "I've many a time heered 'em say as it was settled on the missus first, and then on you."

"Oh yes, it is not that; but, you know, under the beech-tree—"

"Ay!" said he, heavily. "It's been oftentimes on my mind, waking; and I think there's ne'er a night as I don't dream of it."

"But how can I leave it?" Ellinor cried. "They may do a hundred things—may dig up the shrubbery—oh! Dixon, I feel as if it was sure to be found out! Oh! Dixon, I can not bear any more blame on papa—it will kill me—and such a dreadful thing, too!"

Dixon's face fell into the lines of habitual pain that it had always assumed of late years whenever he was thinking or remembering any thing.

"They must ne'er ha' reason to speak ill of the dead, that's for certain," said he. "The Wilkinses have been respected in Hamley all my lifetime, and all my father's before me, and—surely, Missy, there's ways and means of tying tenants up from alterations both in the house and out of it, and I'd beg the trustees, or whatever they is called, to be very particular, if I was you, and not have a thing touched either in the house, or the gardens, or the meadows, or the stables. I think, wi' a word from you, they'd maybe keep me on i' the stables, and I could look after things a bit; and the Day o' Judgment will come at last, when all our secrets will be made known wi'out our having the trouble and the shame o' telling 'em. I'm getting raything tired o' this world, Miss Ellinor."

"Don't talk so," said Ellinor, tenderly. "I know how sad it is, but, oh! remember how I shall want a friend when you're gone to advise me as you have done to-day. You're not feeling ill, Dixon, are you?" she continued, anxiously.

"No; I'm hearty enough, and likely for t' live. Fayther was eighty-one, and mother above the seventies, when they died. It's only my heart as is got to feel so heavy; and as for that matter, so is yours, I'll be bound. And it's a comfort to us both if we can serve him as is dead by any care of ours, for he were such a bright, handsome lad, with such a cheery face, as never should have known shame."

They rode on without much more speaking. Ellinor was silently planning for Dixon, and he, not caring to look forward to the future, was bringing up before his fancy the time, thirty years ago, when he had first entered the elder Mr. Wilkins's service as stable-lad, and pretty Molly, the scullery-maid, was his daily delight. Pretty Molly lay buried in Hamley church-yard, and few living except Dixon could have gone straight to her grave.

CHAPTER XI.

In a few days Miss Monro obtained a most satisfactory reply to her letter of inquiries as to whether a daily governess could find employment in East Chester. For once the application seemed to have come just at the right time. The canons were most of them married men, with young families; those at present in residence welcomed the idea of such instruction as Miss Monro could offer for their children, and could almost answer for their successors in office. This was a great step gained. Miss Monro, the daughter of the precentor to this very cathedral, had a secret unwillingness to being engaged as a teacher by any wealthy tradesman there, but to be received into the canons' families in almost any capacity was like going home. Moreover, besides the empty honor of the thing, there were many small pieces of patronage in the gift of the chapter—such as a small house opening on to the Close, which had formerly belonged, ex officio, to the verger, but which was now vacant, and was offered to Miss Monro at a merely nominal rent. Ellinor had once more sunk into her old depressed passive state; Mr. Ness and Miss Monro, modest and undecided as they both were in general, had to fix and arrange every thing for her. Her great interest seemed to be in the old servant, Dixon, and her great pleasure to lie in seeing him, and talking over old times; so her two friends talked about her, little knowing what a bitter stinging pain her "pleasure" was. In vain Ellinor tried to plan how they could take Dixon with them to East Chester. If he had only been a woman it would have been a feasible step; but they were only to keep one servant, and Dixon, capable and versatile as he was, would not do for that servant. All this was what passed through Ellinor's mind: it is still a question as to whether Dixon would have felt his love to his native place, with all its associations and remembrances, or his love for Ellinor the stronger. But he was not put to the proof; he was only told that he must leave, and, seeing Ellinor's extreme grief at the idea of their separation, he set himself to comfort her by every means in his power, reminding her, with tender choice of words, how necessary it was that he should remain on the spot, in Mr. Osbaldistone's service, in order to frustrate, by any small influence he might have, every project of alteration in the garden that contained the dreadful secret. He persisted in this view, though Ellinor repeated, with pertinacious anxiety, the care which Mr. Johnson had taken, in drawing up the lease, to provide against any change or alteration being made in the present disposition of the house or grounds.

People in general were rather astonished at the eagerness Miss Wilkins showed to sell all the Ford Bank furniture. Even Miss Monro was a little scandalized at this want of sentiment, although she said nothing about it; indeed justified the step, by telling every one how wisely Ellinor was acting, as the large handsome tables and chairs would be very much out of place and keeping with the small, oddly-shaped rooms of their future home in East Chester Close. None knew how strong was the instinct of self-preservation, it may almost be called, which impelled Ellinor to shake off, at any cost of present pain, the incubus of a terrible remembrance. She wanted to go into an unhaunted dwelling, in a free, unknown country—she felt as if it was her only chance of sanity. Sometimes she thought her senses would not hold together till the time when all these arrangements were ended. But she did not speak to any one about her feelings, poor child!—to whom could she speak on the subject but to Dixon? Nor did she define them to herself. All she knew was that she was as nearly going mad as possible; and if she did she feared that she might betray her father's guilt. All this time she never cried or varied from her dull, passive demeanor. And they were blessed tears of relief that she shed when Miss Monro, herself weeping bitterly, told her to put her head out of the post-chaise window, for at the next turning of the road they would catch the last glimpse of Hamley church-spire.

Late one October evening Ellinor had her first sight of East Chester Close, where she was to pass the remainder of her life. Miss Monro had been backward and forward between Hamley and East Chester more than once, while Ellinor had remained at the parsonage; so she had not only the pride of proprietorship in the whole of the beautiful city, but something of the desire of hospitably welcoming Ellinor to their joint future home.

"Look! the fly must take us a long round because of our luggage; but behind these high old walls are the canons' gardens. That high-pitched roof, with the clumps of stone-crop on the walls near it, is Canon Gibson's, whose four little girls I am to teach. Hark, the great cathedral clock! How proud I used to be of its great boom when I was a child! I thought all the other church clocks in the town sounded so shrill and poor after that, which I considered mine especially. There are rooks flying home to the elms in the Close. I wonder if they are the same that used to be there when I was a girl. They say the rook is a very long-lived bird, and I feel as if I could swear to the way they are cawing. Ay, you may smile, Ellinor, but I understand now those lines of Gray's you used to say so prettily:

> 'I feel the gales that from ye blow,
> A momentary youth bestow,
> And breathe a second spring.'

Now, dear, you must get out. This flagged walk leads to our front-door; but our back-rooms, which are the pleasantest, look on to the Close, and the cathedral, and the lime-tree walk, and the deanery, and the rookery."

It was a mere slip of a house; the kitchen being wisely placed close to the front-door, and so reserving the pretty view for the little dining-room, out of which a glass-door opened into a small walled-in garden, which had again an entrance into the Close. Up stairs, a bedroom to the front, which Miss Monro had taken for herself, because, as she said, she had old associations with the back of every house in the High Street, while Ellinor mounted to the pleasant chamber above the tiny drawing-room, both of which looked on to the vast and solemn cathedral, and the peaceful, dignified Close. East Chester Cathedral is Norman, with a low massive tower, a grand majestic nave, and a choir full of stately historic tombs. The whole city is so quiet and decorous a place, that the perpetual daily chants and hymns of praise seemed to sound far and wide over the roofs of the houses. Ellinor soon became a regular attendant at all the morning and evening services. The sense of worship calmed and soothed her aching, weary heart, and to be punctual to the cathedral hours she roused and exerted herself when probably nothing else would have been sufficient to this end.

By-and-by Miss Monro formed many acquaintances; she picked up, or was picked up by, old friends, and the descendants of old friends. The grave and kindly canons, whose children she taught, called upon her with their wives, and talked over the former deans and chapters, of whom she had had both a personal and traditional knowledge, and as they walked away they talked about her silent, delicate-looking friend Miss Wilkins, and perhaps planned some little present out of their fruitful garden or bounteous stores which should make Miss Monro's table a little more tempting to one apparently so frail as Ellinor, for the household was always spoken of as belonging to Miss Monro, the active and prominent person. By-and-by she herself won her way to their hearts, not by words or deeds, but by her sweet looks and meek demeanor as they marked her regular attendance at cathedral service: and when they heard of her constant visits to a certain parochial school, and of her being sometimes seen carrying a little covered basin to the cottages of the poor, they began to try and tempt her with more urgent words to accompany Miss Monro in her frequent tea-drinkings at their houses. The old dean, that courteous gentleman and good Christian, had early become great friends with Ellinor. He would watch at the windows of his great vaulted library till he saw her emerge from the garden into the Close, and then open the deanery door and join her, she softly adjusting the measure of her pace to his. The time of his departure from East Chester became a great blank in her life, although she would never accept, or allow Miss Monro to accept, his repeated invitations to go and pay him a visit at his country-place. Indeed, having once tasted comparative peace again in East Chester Cathedral Close, it seemed as though she was afraid of ever venturing out of those calm precincts. All Mr. Ness's invitations to visit him at his parsonage at Hamley were declined, although he was welcomed at Miss Monro's on the occasion of his annual visit by every means in their power. He slept at one of the canon's vacant houses, and lived with his two friends, who made a yearly festivity to the best of their means to his honor, inviting such of the cathedral clergy as were in residence; or, if they failed, condescending to the town clergy. Their friends knew well that no presents were so acceptable as those sent to them while Mr. Ness was with them; and from the dean, who would send them a hamper of choice fruit and flowers from Oxton Park, down to the curate, who worked in the same schools as Ellinor, and who was a great fisher and caught splendid trout—all did their best to help them to give a welcome to the only visitor they ever had. The only visitor they ever had, as far as the stately gentry knew. There was one visitor who came as often as his master could give him a holiday long enough to undertake a journey to so distant a place; but few knew of his being a guest at Miss Monro's, though his welcome there was not less hearty than Mr. Ness's—this was Dixon. Ellinor had convinced him that he could give her no greater pleasure at any time than by allowing her to frank him to and from East Chester. Whenever he came they were together the greater part of every day: she taking him hither and thither to see all the sights that she thought would interest or please him; but they spoke very little to each other during all this companionship. Miss Monro had much more to say to him. She questioned him right and left whenever Ellinor was out of the room. She learned that the house at Ford Bank was splendidly furnished, and no money spared on the garden; that the eldest Miss Hanbury was very well married; that Brown had succeeded to Jones in the haberdasher's shop. Then she hesitated a little before making her next inquiry.

"I suppose Mr. Corbet never comes to the parsonage now?"

"No, not he. I don't think as how Mr. Ness would have him; but they write letters to each other by times. Old Job—you'll recollect old Job, ma'am, he that gardened for Mr. Ness and waited in the parlor when there was company—did say as one day he heered them speaking about Mr. Corbet; and he's a grand counselor now—one of them as goes about at assize-time, and speaks in a wig."

"A barrister you mean," said Miss Monro.

"Ay; and he's something more than that, though I can't rightly remember what."

Ellinor could have told them both. They had the *Times* lent to them on the second day after publication by one of their friends in the Close, and Ellinor, watching till Miss Monro's eyes were otherwise engaged, always turned with trembling hands and a beating heart to the reports of the various Courts of Law. In them she found—at first rarely—the name she sought for, the name she dwelt upon as if every letter were a study. Mr. Losh and Mr. Duncombe appeared for the plaintiff, Mr. Smythe and Mr. Corbet for the defendant. In a year or two that name appeared more frequently, and generally took precedence of the other, whatever it might be; then on especial occasions his speeches were repeated at full length, as if his words were accounted weighty; and by-and-by she saw that he had been appointed a Queen's Counsel. And this was all she ever heard or saw about him; his once-familiar name never passed her lips except in hurried whispers to Dixon when he came to stay with them. Ellinor had had no idea when she had parted from Mr. Corbet how total the separation between them was henceforward to be, so much seemed left unfinished, unexplained. It was so difficult at first to break herself of the habit of constant mental reference to him; and for many a long year she kept thinking that surely some kind fortune would bring them together again, and all this heart-sickness and melancholy estrangement from each other would then seem to both only as an ugly dream that had passed away in the morning light.

The dean was an old man, but there was a canon who was older still, and whose death had been expected by many, and speculated upon by some, any time this last ten years. Canon Holdsworth was too old to show active kindness to any one; the good dean's life was full of thoughtful and benevolent deeds. But he was taken and the other left. Ellinor looked out at the vacant deanery with tearful eyes the last thing at night, the first in the morning. But it is pretty nearly the same with church dignitaries as with kings: the dean is dead, long live the dean! A clergyman from a distant county was appointed, and all the Close was astir to learn and hear all particulars connected with him. Luckily he came in at the tag-end of one of the noble families in the peerage; so, at any rate, all his future associates could learn with tolerable certainty that he was forty-two years of age, married, and with eight daughters and one son. The deanery, formerly so quiet and sedate a dwelling of the one old man, was now to be filled with noise and merriment. Iron railings were being placed before three windows, evidently to be the nursery. In the summer publicity of open windows and doors the sound of the busy carpenters was perpetually heard all over the Close; and by-and-by wagon-loads of furniture and carriage-loads of people began to arrive. Neither Miss Monro nor Ellinor felt themselves of sufficient importance or station to call on the new-comers, but they were as well acquainted with the proceedings of the family as if they had been in daily intercourse; they knew that the eldest Miss Beauchamp was seventeen, and very pretty, only one shoulder was higher than the other; that she was doatingly fond of dancing, and talked a great deal in a *tête-à-tête*, but not much if her mamma was by, and never opened her lips at all if the dean was in the room; that the next sister was wonderfully clever, and was supposed to know all the governess could teach her, and to have private lessons in Greek and mathematics from her father; and so on down to the little boy at the preparatory school and the baby girl in arms. Moreover, Miss Monro, at any rate, could have stood an examination as to the number of servants at the deanery, their division of work, and the hours of their meals. Presently a very beautiful, haughty-looking young lady made appearance in the Close, and in the dean's pew. She was said to be his niece, the orphan daughter of his brother, General Beauchamp, come to East Chester to reside for the necessary time before her marriage, which was to be performed in the cathedral by her uncle, the new dignitary. But as callers at the deanery did not see this beautiful bride-elect, and as the Beauchamps had not as yet fallen into habits of intimacy with any of their new acquaintances, very little was known of the circumstances of this approaching wedding beyond the particulars given above.

Ellinor and Miss Monro sat at their drawing-room window, a little shaded by the muslin curtains, watching the busy preparations for the marriage, which was to take place the next day. All morning long hampers of fruit and flowers, boxes from the railway—for by this time East Chester had got a railway—shop-messengers, hired assistants, kept passing backward and forward in the busy Close. Toward afternoon the bustle subsided, the scaffolding was up, the materials for the next day's feast carried out of sight. It was to be concluded that the bride-elect was seeing to the packing of her trousseau, helped by the merry multitude of cousins, and that the servants were arranging the dinner for the day or the breakfast for the morrow. So Miss Monro had settled it, discussing every detail and every probability as though she were a chief actor, instead of only a distant, uncared-for spectator of the coming event. Ellinor was a little tired, and now that there was nothing very interesting going on she had fallen back to her sewing, when she was startled by Miss Monro's exclamation:

"Look, look! here are two gentlemen coming along the lime-tree walk! it must be the bridegroom and his friend." Out of much sympathy and some curiosity Ellinor bent forward, and saw just emerging from the shadow of the trees on to the full afternoon sunlit pavement Mr. Corbet and another gentleman: the former changed, worn, aged, though with still the same fine intellectual face, leaning on the arm of the younger taller man, and talking eagerly. The other gentleman was doubtless the bridegroom, Ellinor said to herself; and yet her prophetic heart did not believe her words. Even before the bright beauty at the deanery looked out of the great oriel window of the drawing-room, and blushed, and smiled, and kissed her hand; a gesture replied to by Mr. Corbet with much empressement, while the other man only took off his hat, almost as if he saw her there for the first time. Ellinor's greedy eyes watched him till he was hidden from sight in the deanery, unheeding Miss Monro's eager, incoherent sentences in turn entreating, apologizing, comforting, and upbraiding. Then she slowly turned her painful eyes upon Miss Monro's face, and moved her lips without a sound being heard, and fainted dead away. In all her life she had never done it before, and when she came round she was not like herself; in all probability the persistence and willfulness she, who was usually so meek and docile, showed during the next twenty-four hours was the consequence of fever. She resolved to be present at the wedding; numbers were going; she would be unseen, unnoticed in the crowd; but whatever befell, go she would, and neither the tears nor the prayers of Miss Monro could keep her back. She gave no reason for this determination of hers; indeed, in all probability she had none to give; so there was no arguing the point with her; she was inflexible to entreaty, and no one had any authority over her except, perhaps, distant Mr. Ness. Miss Monro had all sorts of forebodings as to the possible scenes that might come to pass. But all went on as quietly as though the fullest sympathy pervaded every individual of the great numbers assembled. No one guessed that the muffled veiled figure, sitting in the shadow behind one of the great pillars, was that of one who had once hoped to stand at the altar with the same bridegroom as he who now cast such tender looks at the beautiful bride, her veil white and fairy-like, Ellinor's black and shrouding as that of any nun.

Already Mr. Corbet's name was known through the country as that of a great lawyer; people discussed his speeches and character far and wide; and the well-informed in legal gossip spoke of him as sure to be offered a judgeship the next vacancy. So he, though grave, and middle-aged, and somewhat gray, divided attention and remark with his lovely bride and her pretty train of cousin bridemaids. Miss Monro need not have feared for Ellinor; she saw and heard all things as in a mist—a dream; as something she had to go through before she could waken up to a reality of brightness in which her youth, and the hopes of her youth, should be restored, and all these weary years of dreaminess and woe should be revealed as nothing but the nightmare of a night. She sat motionless enough, still enough, Miss Monro by her, watching her as intently as a keeper watches a madman, and with the same purpose—to prevent any outburst, even by bodily strength, if such restraint be needed. When all was over—when the principal personages of the ceremony had filed into the vestry to sign their names; when the swarm of towns-people were going out as swiftly as their individual notions of the restraints of the sacred edifice permitted; when the great chords of the "Wedding March" clanged out from the organ, and the loud bells pealed overhead, Ellinor laid her hand in Miss Monro's. "Take me home," she said, very softly. And Miss Monro led her home as one leads the blind.

GREAT UNION MEETING AT EXETER HALL.

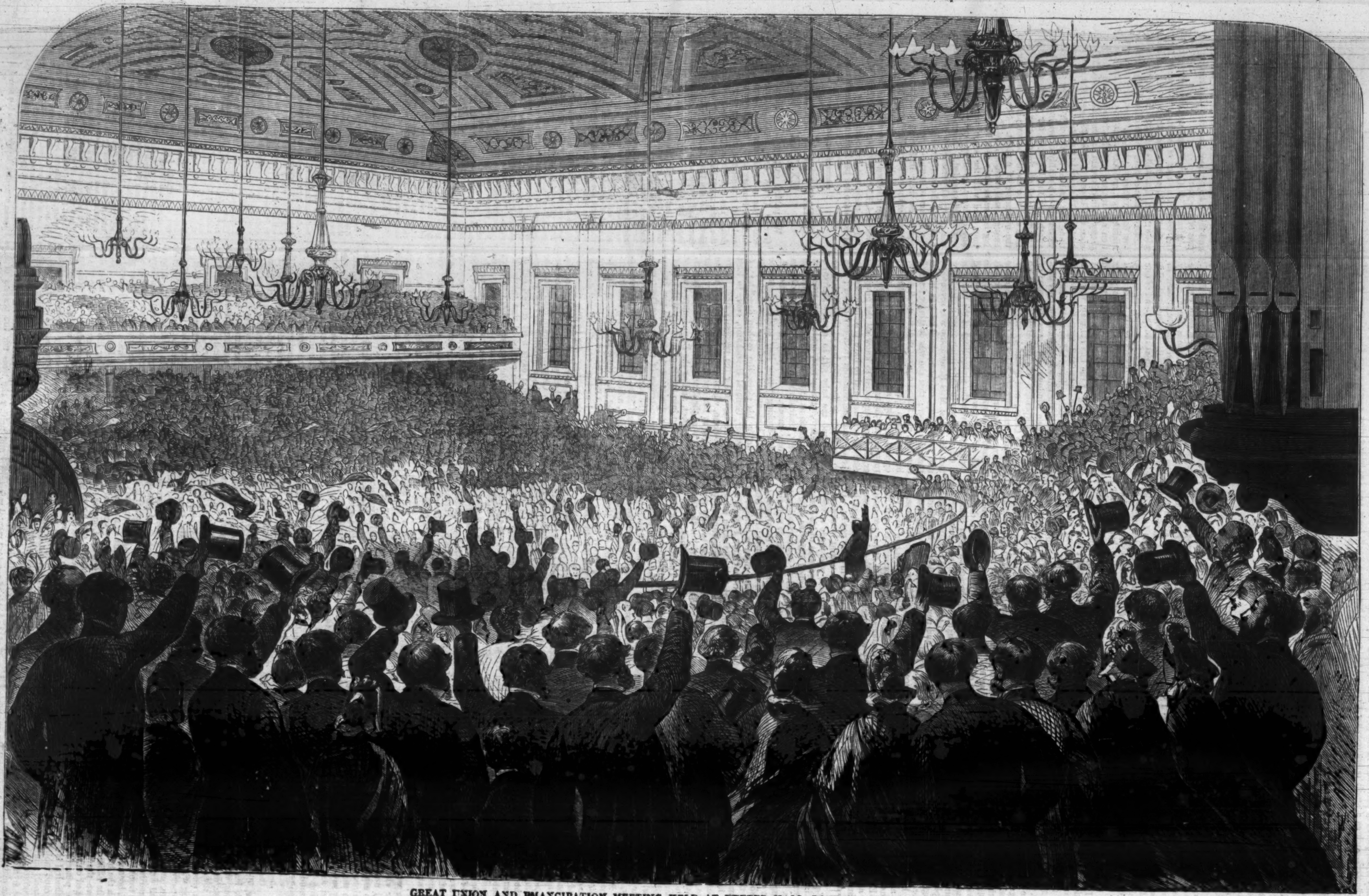
We publish on page 172 an illustration of the Great Union and Emancipation Meeting which was held at Exeter Hall, London, England, on 29th January last. It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever held in London. The reporter of the *Illustrated News* is enthusiastic about the immense crowds that assembled. No less than three open-air meetings were formed of people who could not get into the building. He goes on to say:

> If it had been possible, after watching the reception given to the first sentences from the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Evans, to doubt the tone and temper of the assembled multitude, it was clearly impossible to do so when he referred in a perfectly dispassionate manner to those who wished to see America divided into two confederacies. He was interrupted by a single voice that cried out "Emancipation and Union!" and then, as if that phrase had been a kind of electric shock that went to every heart, there broke forth the most tremendous outburst of popular enthusiasm it has ever been our fortune to witness. It could not stop, but went on and on, the whole audience having leaped to their feet with hats and handkerchiefs waving, having apparently only waited for some such signal to relieve themselves from the almost painful, because suspended, enthusiasm with which they overflowed. This incident told all that any one could have needed to know as to the feelings and views of the meeting. But the facts were to receive a still more remarkable illustration. When the chairman happened to use the words "Mr. Lincoln's election," again the same tremendous shouts arose.
>
> Another incident of the meeting was interesting. Mr. Noel, toward the close of his impassioned speech (which, however, was not distinctly heard), stopped to announce that the men of Bradford (4000 strong) were at that moment holding a similar meeting; and he proposed, to the great satisfaction of his auditory, to dispatch a telegram, saying, "We are for emancipation and the Union; what are you?" Exactly the same kind of thing occurred at a later hour with regard to Stroud, where, also, an emancipation meeting was being held. These interruptions, with those arising from the constant re-echoing of the cheers from the two other meetings below and outside, gave quite a tone to the evening.

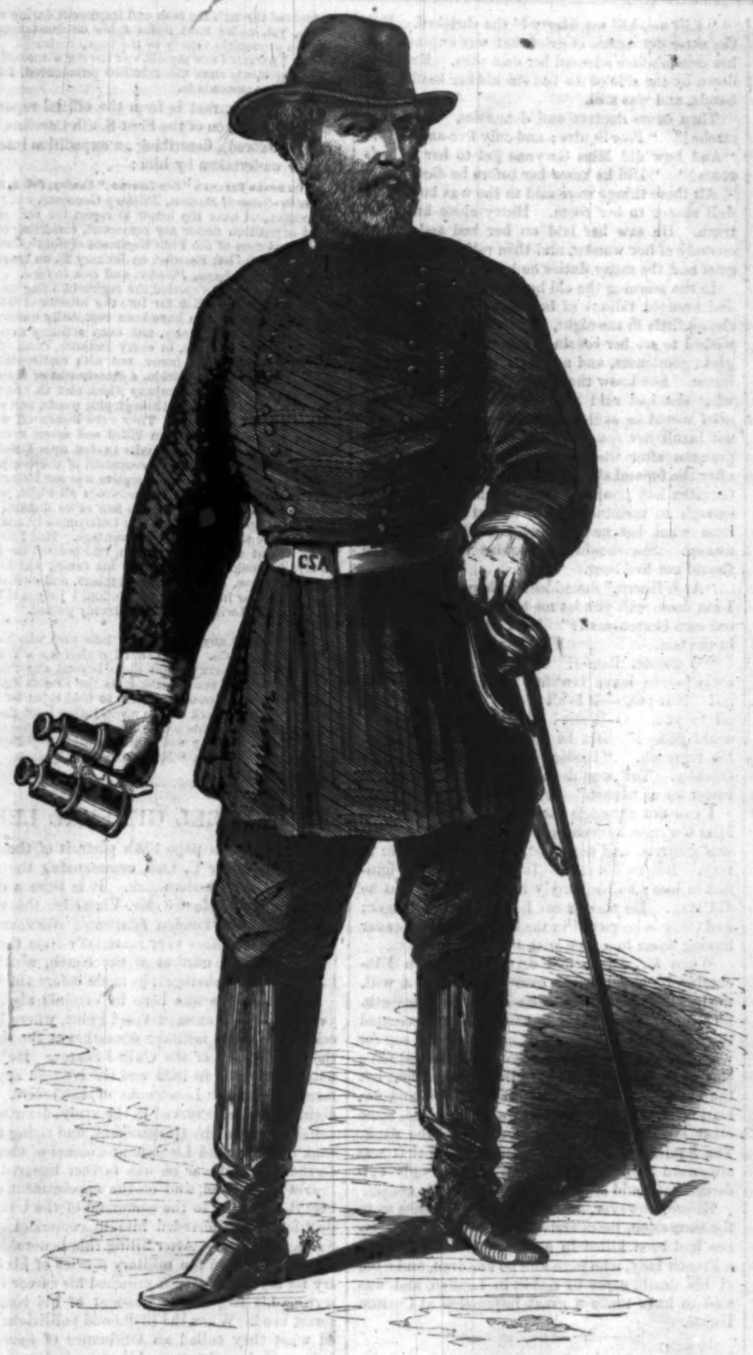
He adds:

> Decidedly the crowning speech of the evening was Mr. Newman Hall's. His voice alone of all the speakers' voices filled easily and perfectly the enormous space. And as his was perhaps the most highly-finished and certainly the most successful oratorical display of the evening, we quote the peroration of his speech, with its magnificent invective against slavery, where he asserts:
>
> That "God has made of one blood all nations to dwell upon the face of all the earth" [Cheers]; that there is no right so sacred as that which a man has to himself, no wrong so flagrant as that of robbing a man of himself [Cheers]; that it is an abomination to steal a man and to sell him [Loud cheers]; that it is no less an abomination to breed a man and to sell him [Hear, hear] than for a man to barter away his own offspring for gold [Loud cheers]; that it is an abomination to expose men and women on the auction-block and feel their muscles and hand them over to the highest bidder as you would cattle [Shame!]; that it is an abomination to deny to a woman the rights of chastity and maternity [Hear]; that it is an abomination judicially to declare that a colored man has no rights which a white man need respect [Hear, hear]; that it is an abomination to flog a naked woman, whether she be a Hungarian Countess or an African slave [Hear, hear]; that it is an abomination to fine, imprison, flog, and, on a repetition of the act, hang a man for teaching another man to read the Bible [Hear, hear]; that it is hideous blasphemy to cite that Bible of a God of love in defense of such abominations [Hear, hear]; that a confederacy of men fighting in order to commit these abominations should be regarded as engaged in a portentous piracy rather than in legitimate warfare [Cheers]; that the conscience and heart of Free England can never wish to recognize an empire avowing as its corner-stone the right to maintain and extend these abominations [Cheers]; and, lastly, as the recognition of an empire involves reception of it embassador, that the loyalty of Great Britain loathes the very idea of such an indignity being offered to the Royal Lady we delight to venerate as that her pure, matronly, and widowed hand, which wields only the sceptre of love over the free, should ever be contaminated by the kiss of any representative of so foul a conspiracy against civilization, humanity, and God!

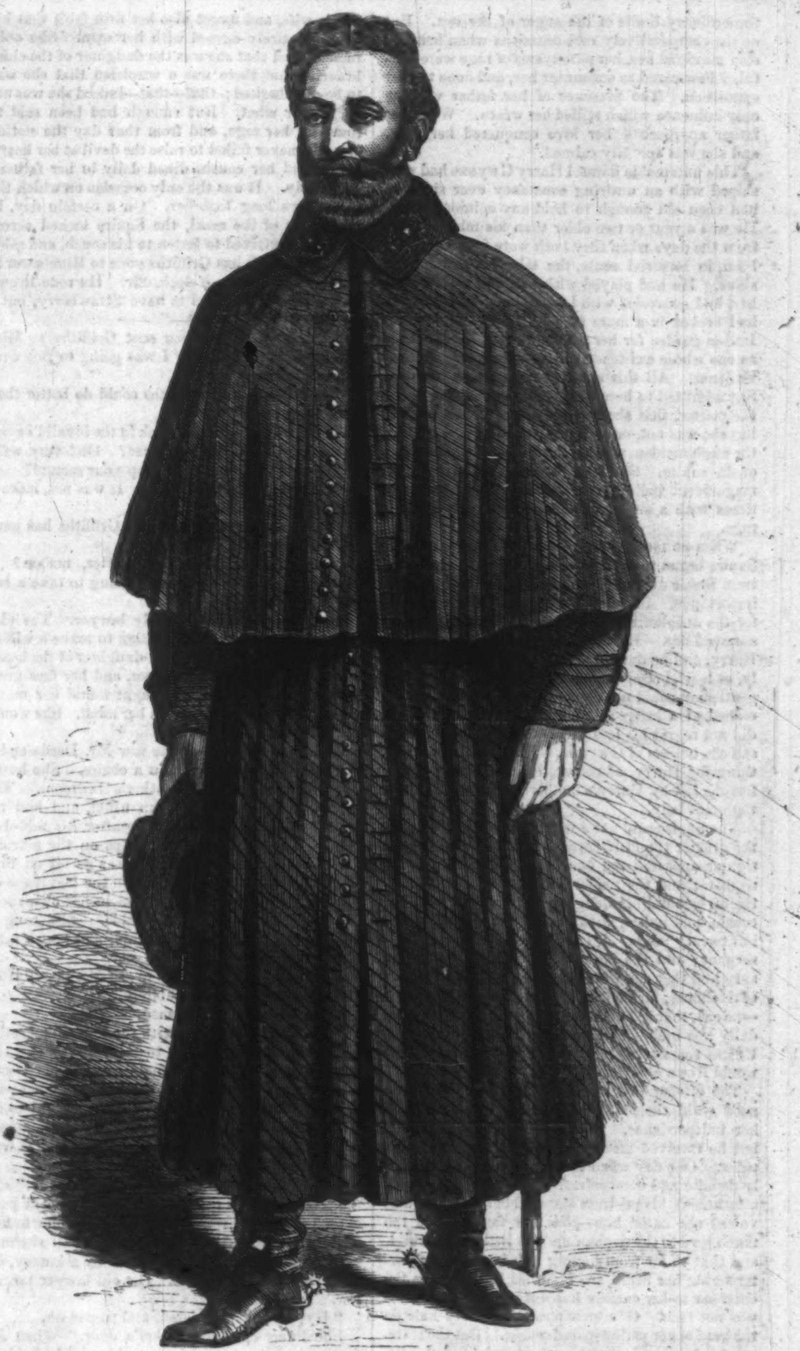
We should despair of any attempt to give our readers an adequate notion of the feeling called forth toward our Queen or against slavery by the last sentence.



GREAT UNION AND EMANCIPATION MEETING HELD AT EXETER HALL, LONDON.—[See Page 171.]



THE REBEL GENERAL R. E. LEE.—From a late Drawing by Mr. Vizetelly.—[See Page 174.]



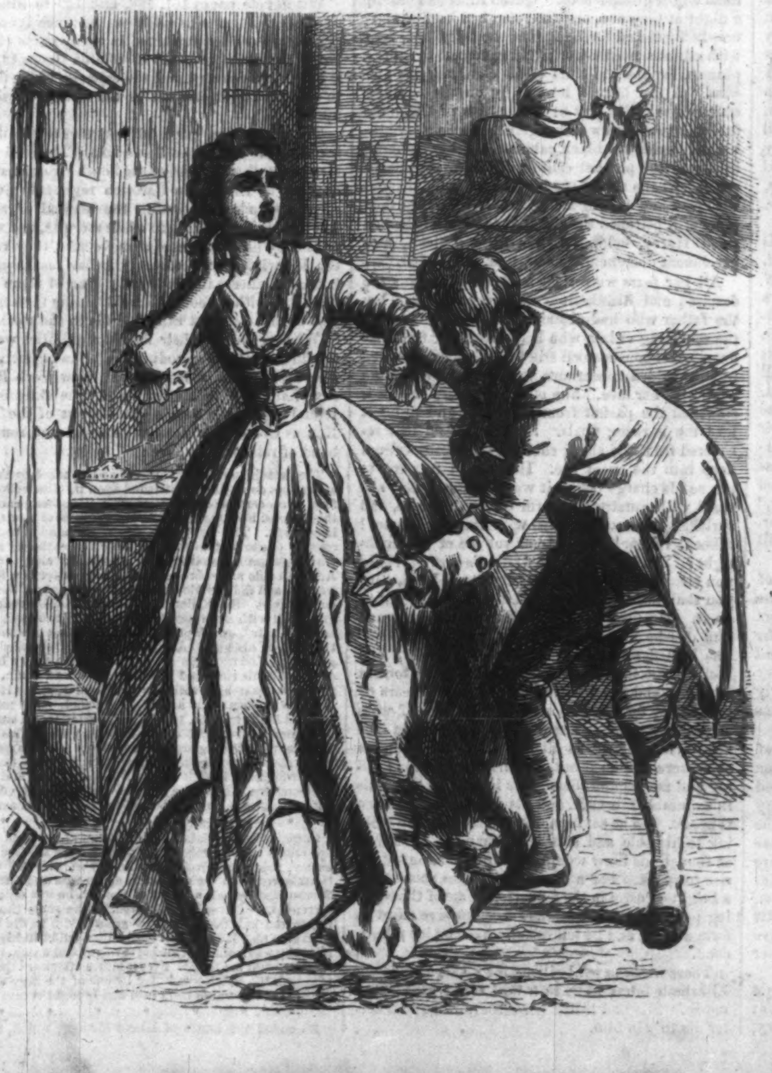
THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.—From a late Drawing by Mr. Vizetelly.—[See Page 174.]

THE WRATH OF MISTRESS ELIZABETH GWYNNE.

In the days when King George III. was still a blooming young prince, the family of the Gwynnes, after growing less and less numerous for several generations, came to be represented by two brothers. The elder ruled, as his ancestors ruled before him, in the ancestral manor. The younger adopted the traditionary career of the cadets of his house, and served in the army. Both married very suitable helpmates. The soldier lived long enough to speed the last sigh of his wife, and welcome the first smile of his son, and was then killed by a fall from his horse. The Squire's lady presented him with an heir, and five years afterward with a daughter, and then died. The widower was left in his home to train and teach his own children and the child of his dead brother.

The Squire was haughty and passionate, but withal a just man. He clung to his opinions with all the tenacity of an Englishman, and, above all, of an English Tory. He hated a Whig, and he hated a Frenchman. With these exceptions, it might be said that he loved his neighbor. He was condescendingly affable to my Lord Marquess of the adjoining acres, as it became a Gwynne to be to a man who dated his rank not even from the comparatively ancient period of Hastings, but merely from the more recent invasion of Torbay. He was very friendly to the Vicar, and loved the toast of "Church and King." He was equitable in his dealings with his tenants, and "ne'er forgot the poor." He swore at his grooms, but they none of them left him. He was as fond of his nephew as of his own son and daughter, and children have rarely had a fonder father.

So matters went on quietly at Gwynne, till gray hairs began to grow on the head of the Squire (though it is almost an anachronism to talk of gray hairs in days of powder) and down to sprout on the cheeks of his boys. His own son Horace went to Christchurch, and was then sent to Paris. The young Squire was committed to the care of a great lady who had known the old Squire at St. James's. It was hoped that under the auspices of Madame la Duchesse de Hautenbas Mr. Horace Gwynne would receive that mysterious coat of French polish which could only be administered at the Court of Maria Theresa's beautiful daughter. For a time the Squire had nothing to complain of. The Duchess wrote that the young Englishman had the true air. He had been noticed at the Trianon. He had made a success. Mr. Horace himself thought Paris a charming place. He had performed in a private play as a Milord Anglais, in which a Royal Personage had appeared as a Grisette Française. He was very well seen. Nevertheless this was not altogether pleasant to the Squire. He had the notions of a Roman on the subject of the stage, and would never have acknowledged the celebrated comedian of his name as a kinswoman, even if she had honestly raised herself to fame by her acting, and not by—by other means. He did not like the idea of his boy's capering before an audience of grinning Frenchmen, though a Queen had capered at his side. Indeed, was it well for the queen so to occupy her most Christian Majesty's leisure? All this was not quite satisfactory. But worse news followed. Mr. Horace was seen no more at the little Trianon. Madame de Hautenbas was compelled to ignore him. He had imbibed the strangest ideas, and was associating with the most unnoticeable people. He openly professed sympathy with the third estate. Less openly he became skeptical as to the advantages of monarchy, and, so far from preserving the principles of the paternal toast in a strange land, he was suspected of being acquainted with men who thought as little of Church as of King. At last a letter arrived from him in which he avowed himself an Atheist. It was a bitter trial to the Squire, but he did not flinch from his duty. He forbade the name of his son to be mentioned in his hearing. The estates of Gwynne would descend to the male heir, only in default of direct testamentary disposition on the part of the head of the house. The Squire could leave the property away from his unworthy son if he so willed. No Gwynne had made a will for many generations. Whether the Squire had broken the custom no one knew.



The Squire had lost his heir, but he was not childless. He had still his nephew to ride with him to cover, and discuss the stirring history of the times over his not immoderate cups. And Harry Gwynne was a bold and merry lad, frank and outspoken, modest and true, and in all respects such as might comfort a fatherly old uncle's heart. Harry and his uncle were great friends, but not such friends as were the Squire and his daughter.

Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne, at nineteen years of age, was said to have been particularly beautiful. I have described the features of the woman, and from them may be guessed the loveliness of the girl. She was very beautiful, and very clever; but her temper was high and passionate. The visitor, who should see her unruffled and serene, might deem it impossible for so gentle a being to transcend the ordinary limits of the anger of her sex. But on the comparatively rare occasions when her passion mastered her, her paroxysms of rage were fearful. Few cared to encounter her, and none to offer opposition. The presence of her father was the only influence which stilled her wrath. When her father approached her love conquered her rage, and she was speedily calmed.

This untamable damsel Harry Gwynne had worshiped with an untiring constancy ever since he had been old enough to hold any opinions at all. He was a year or two older than his mistress, but from the days when they both wore frocks she had been, in imperial sense, the mistress, and he the slave. He had played with her, and ridden with her, and quarreled with her, and obeyed her. He had broken-in a mare for her; he had planted an Italian garden for her; he had acted in all things as one whose existence was ordained for her convenience. All this she had received as her due. She admitted to herself, if ever she thought about the matter, that she was very fond of her cousin; but she was not, on that account, disposed to play the meek maiden, waiting modestly for the kerchief of the sultan. She used her slave's services with magnificent indifference, and rewarded him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes with a fit of rage.

When no more letters came from Paris, and the Squire began to act as though he had no son, Mistress Bessie evidently deemed herself of increased importance. She had never pretended any love for the disinherited Horace. His airs and graces annoyed her. He could say prettier things than Harry, and he danced a minuet better than—hardly, at least, better than Harry, for that more rustic gentleman could not dance at all. But he had once craned at a hedge; and, on the whole, his sister did not regret his loss. She began to esteem herself the heiress of Gwynne. Papa would do something for Harry, of course, independently of the fortune left by Harry's mother; but she would be the great lady.

The Squire said not a word of his intentions, but the greater the gulf between him and his son, the tighter appeared the bond that united him to his nephew; and the fonder he grew of his nephew, the oftener did his daughter wax wroth with her cousin, and indeed with every one else. She was but twenty years old, but she was a notorious termagant; and the old housekeeper at the manor surmised that she would be the last of her branch of the house, for no one would woo so wild a bride—no one, that is, but Master Harry, and she seemed daily less inclined to stoop to the faithful cousin. Unless some terrible lesson should tame her, she would live a cheerless life.

The oftener this willful lady was told to be a good child the more pertinaciously she asserted her independence. Poor Harry still worshiped, but he received more frowns than smiles for his pains. One day when he was more than ordinarily definite and demonstrative in his professions of attachment, his mistress stamped her little foot and vowed she hated him—that her father gave too much love to the nephew and too little to his child, and that so far from having any intention of surrendering her heart, she regarded her suitor as the chief bar to her earthly happiness. Of course this was not true. Of course she loved every hair on the head of her yellow-pated cousin. But the statements of young ladies are as mysterious as the dispatches of diplomatists. They use language to conceal their thoughts, though happily their art is not always skillful enough to conceal itself. But whether it was or was not true, it made Harry very miserable. He was in a dilemma. If he was cold to his uncle, his uncle looked pained. If he was not cold to his uncle, he was accused of winning away a father's love from the personage whom, more than any other, he desired to encircle with all love. On the whole, the household was a stormy one; but now and then a patch of blue sky smiled through the clouds. Bessie forgot her grievances, and spent a merry day with her old play-fellow. These intervals were, however, sorrowfully rare.

And now the Squire fell ill. The career of his son had afflicted him more than had been supposed. He was struck with paralysis, and lost the use of his lower limbs. Stretched in his bed or on a couch, he was dependent on others for his necessities and for his pleasures. Harry and his cousin vied with one another in unwearied attention, but a state of things which ought to have healed all breaches seemed to widen the gulf between them. When the Squire called for Harry to read him the *Gazette*, or to write a letter to the bailiff, the fair Bessie sulked over her harpsichord. And if, perchance, the Squire said, "Bessie, will you write as I dictate?" or, "Bessie, I am going to be lifted into the coach, and to be driven to Minchester," it was, "Papa, won't Harry do it better?" or, "Papa, Harry knows all about the crops, and will be a more amusing companion."

These observations were, unlike some others of the young lady's, perfectly true; and the Squire was gradually and unconsciously beginning to act upon them. His great affliction made it hard for him to bear with the caprices of his daughter, and day after day he became less able to endure Harry out of his sight. He was growing prematurely old and prematurely peevish, and his exactions taxed all the patience of his dutiful nephew.

Miss Bessie's temper, too, grew worse instead of better. Once she had even flown into a passion before her crippled father, and had not been calmed by his appealing look. She remembered the day when she was all in all to her parent, and now she was as nothing. Nor were there wanting those evil influences of gossip and flattery which are never wanting in a court or in a large household. There were voices which whispered, "Madam, look out for the estate, the Squire's health is fast failing. Will you like to leave the manor, or live in it as Master Harry's guest? For to Master Harry the Squire will assuredly leave it."

At this Mistress Elizabeth Gwynne quite forgot that she desired nothing better than to stay at Gwynne all her life, with this treacherous Harry, as his wife, and forgot also her firm faith that his wishes entirely agreed with her own. She only remembered that she was the daughter of the elder branch; that there was a suspicion that she was to be disinherited; that—that—indeed she was not very clear what. But enough had been said to rouse all her rage, and from that day the notion of a will never failed to raise the devil at her heart.

She and her cousin dined daily in her father's own study. It was the only occasion on which the three were long together. On a certain day, in the course of the meal, the Squire looked across the table contrived to fasten to his couch, and said:

"Harry, lad, has Griffiths gone to Minchester?"

"He went at ten o'clock, Sir. He rode Brown Hanover. He wanted to have Strawberry, but I know she isn't up to his—"

"Papa, what have you sent Griffiths to Minchester for? You know I was going to ride over this afternoon."

"Something that Griffiths could do better than you, my Bessie."

There was a significant look in the invalid's eyes.

"Harry, what did he go for? Oh! very well. If you won't tell me, pray keep your secret!"

And she cooked her spleen. It was not, indeed, a very merry meal.

"Hannah, do you know why Griffiths has gone to Minchester?"

"Griffiths, ma'am? Minchester, ma'am? I think I heard him say he was going to take a letter to Mr. Deeds."

Now Deeds was the family lawyer. The plot was out. The Squire was going to make a will in Harry's favor. The despised daughter of the house sat brooding in her own room, and her face grew very dark. The groom brought round her mare, but she said she had changed her mind. She would not ride that day.

Late in the afternoon she saw Mr. Deeds and a clerk drive up the avenue in a chaise. She heard them ushered into her father's bedroom. The Squire had felt weaker than usual, and had retired to his room immediately after his mid-day meal. The noise of the footsteps on the marble, and the shutting of the doors, was as oil on fire. Elizabeth Gwynne was all but in the last stage of passion. She chafed and fumed in her own room till suspense became unbearable. She rang a hand-bell that summoned a maid, and sent a message.

"Tell some of the people to ask Mr. Harry if he will speak with me immediately."

Presently the girl returned.

"Mr. Harry was busy with the Squire and could not come." Had it come to this? Was she, the once-loved daughter, to remain silent in her room, while her natural father was signing away her patrimony to her cousin? Had not she a right to be with her father? He was doing something important or he would not have sent for Deeds. It was her plain duty to be with him.

"He shall not do it!—he shall not do it!" she muttered between her teeth, and in a violent paroxysm of passion stalked along the corridor to her father's rooms. As she crossed the hall she met Deeds and his acolyte, conducted by a lackey, on their way to their chaise. The old lawyer bowed low.

"Hypocrite!" she hissed, and passed on.

She flung open her father's door. When all motion had become irksome to him he had taken up his quarters in what was called the state bedroom on the ground-floor. Queen Anne had passed a night at Gwynne, and the room had been sumptuously furnished for her. On the lofty bed, rich with curious needle-work, and canopied by dingy plumes, lay the old chief of his clan, helpless and wan. A fire burned loweringly on the cunning smith's work that lay at the bottom of the huge fire-place, and threw a changeful light on the high-backed chairs, the black cabinets, the heavy hangings, and the painted ceiling of the great gloomy room. At the side of the bed stood a table littered with pens and writing materials. An extinguished taper still poisoned the air. At the foot of the bed stood Harry, holding in his hand a clean, new parchment document, folded, tied, and sealed.

All her fears were then realized. She was the despised and disinherited dependent. There lay the father who had abandoned her. There stood the scheming villain who had ousted her from her own. Her cousin stood still for an instant, startled by her sudden appearance, and awed by the white passion of her face. She strode to where he stood, snatched the packet from his hand, and flung it into the glowing coals. Ere her cousin had recovered from the shock she had thrust the vellum deep into the great fire. He started forward to rescue his charge before it was consumed, but she stood with outstretched arm before the grate, and shrieked in a voice hoarse with rage—"Robber! robber! robber! Would you rob me of my birthright? You have stolen my father's love! Would you steal my inheritance too? Stand back, Sir; you shall not touch it! My father never meant to do it. He does not know what you have made him do—he always loved me—he never would—" She looked up at her father as she spoke; and Harry, who had stood dumb beneath her torrent of abuse, and down whose cheeks two hot tears of gentle pity for her, and utter anguish for self, were slowly trickling—Harry looked round at the Squire too. He was sitting up in his bed; his arms were stretched out, and his hands were clasping and unclasping themselves in the air, while his lips mumbled in vain, and his eyes seemed to burn to speak. So he sat for a minute, his children rushing to his side and seizing his hands. It seemed as though his brow would crack in the agony of desire to speak. For a moment the eyes shone with a brighter lustre in the flickering flame of the burning packet, his mouth made a convulsive effort to form a word, and he fell heavily back on his pillow, dead.

There was an awful silence for a space, and then Elizabeth burst forth in a wail of sorrow and remorse. She had killed her father. She had better die to join him.

"Kill me, kill me, Harry!" she shrieked. But the utter desolation of grief that was expressed in her cousin's face silenced her own sobs. Kneeling down by the side of the bed she hid her head in her hands, and was still.

Then came doctors and domestics. "Another stroke!" "Poor Squire; and only five-and-forty." "And how did Miss Gwynne get to her father's room?" "Did he know her before he died?"

All these things were said as she was borne in a dull stupor to her room. Harry alone knew the truth. He saw her laid on her bed and in the custody of her women, and then retired to his own grief and the many duties he had to perform.

In the morning the old housekeeper came to him and brought tidings of her lady. Elizabeth had slept a little in the night, and was calm now. She wished to see her cousin. She received him with great gentleness, and as one who had had her life-lesson. She knew that no apology could atone for what she had said and done. She trusted her grief would be sufficient punishment. She could not insult her cousin in his own home with her presence after what had occurred. Immediately after the funeral she should leave Gwynne. Mrs. Griffiths had promised to go with her. She had enough to maintain her in decent respectability from what her mother had left her for pocket-money. She should not require much, for she should not live long.

"And, Harry," she added, "when you hear that I am dead, will you let me be buried with papa in our own church-yard?" She looked him tearfully in the face.

"O Bessie, Bessie!" he broke out; "you go away!—you leave Gwynne! It is I that must go! It is yours—it is all yours! The will left it all to you. O Bessie! How could you—how could you—?" But he stopped in the middle of his reproach. "Bessie, I am come to bid you good-by. You would not have me stay! It is better for us to part."

I can not chronicle the precise words in which Miss Gwynne, as soon as she was satisfied that she was mistress, and not guest, invited her cousin to stay. But he did stay. It was perhaps undignified in him; he had surely had warning. But he did stay. He staid some half a century longer; and there is no record in the family of his wife ever having flown in a rage with her lord.

When Mr. Deeds had driven over from Minchester he had brought over the draft of a will, unsigned, leaving the whole estate to Elizabeth. So he had been ordered; but he strongly deprecated the notion of the Squire's disinheriting his son for what he termed the errors of youth. He had some stormy discussion with his client, and at last left the house, leaving the will yet unsigned, and declaring that, if Mr. Gwynne was determined, some other lawyer must be employed to do the work. The Squire immediately signed the will that was afterward burned, and Harry's was the only evidence that could secure the property to his cousin.

Before, however, any difficulty could arise as to the succession, news arrived at Gwynne that Horace had been killed in a duel. He had married a French lady, who bore him no children, and who, at his death, came to reside in London, and was said to have made a great impression at Carlton House.

NEGROES AS SOLDIERS.

WE devote pages 161, 168, and 169 to illustrations of the negroes as soldiers. So much ignorant prejudice is still entertained in many parts of the North to the employment of colored troops that it is due to the country that the capacity of the negro to drill and fight can not be too strongly insisted upon.

The picture on page 161 represents the negro learning the use of the Minié rifle. The drill masters in the Department of the South report that the negroes in the South Carolina regiments evince great aptitude at learning the manual of arms. They are more docile than white recruits, and when once they have mastered a movement they retain the knowledge perfectly. Similar testimony is borne by officers in the West. One of them predicts that with proper drill and training the negroes will be the steadiest rank and file in the world.

With regard to their fighting qualities we can not do better than reproduce the following extracts. The first is from a letter to the New York *Times*, describing the battle, or rather the skirmish of Island Mounds, where a detachment of the First Kansas Colored Volunteers attacked and routed a band of rebels. He says:

> The detachment under Gardner was attacked by the foe, who swept down like a whirlwind upon it. One volley was fired in concert, which emptied several saddles, and then this devoted body was separated by the force of that sweeping charge. The fight thus became a hand to hand encounter of one man to six. The rebels were mostly armed with shot-guns, revolvers, and sabres, our men with the Austrian rifle and sabre-bayonet. The latter is a fearful weapon, and did terrible execution in the hands of the muscular blacks. Six-Killer, the leader of the Cherokee negroes, fell with six wounds after shooting two men, bayoneting a third, and laying a fourth *hors du combat* with the butt of his gun. Another one, badly wounded, Sergeant Ed. Lowrey, was attacked by three men; he had discharged his rifle, and had no time to load again, when they fell upon him with revolver and sabre. He was then badly hurt with a shot-gun wound. One man demanded his surrender, to which the reply was a stunning blow from the butt of the rifle, knocking him off his horse. The negro, when approached, had his sabre-bayonet in hand, about to fix it on his gun. The prostrate man got a crashing blow from it on the skull as he fell, and then, as the other charged, the bayonet was used with effect on the nearest horse, and the butt of the gun on the next man.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Captain Crew, retaining his position at the head of the few men who keep together, retreated with his face to the enemy, firing his revolver as he did so. He fell with a terrible wound in the groin, but again rose and retreated. Surrounded by half a dozen of the foe, he was ordered to surrender. "Never!" he shouted, at the same time calling to the half dozen negroes around him to die rather than give up. He then fell dead with a bullet in his heart. His body was instantly rifled of revolver and watch, though his purse was not found. Five minutes afterward the rebel who took the watch was killed by one of the negroes, who again took the watch from him and brought it into camp.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> So ended the battle of Island Mounds, which, though commenced through the rash and impetuous daring of the officers, yet, under most unfavorable circumstances, resulted in a complete victory to the negro regiment.
>
> What I narrate I saw myself, and having witnessed several engagements since this rebellion commenced, I know what fighting amounts to. H.

The other extract is from the official report of Colonel Higginson of the First South Carolina Volunteers (colored), describing an expedition into the interior undertaken by him:

> ON BOARD STEAMER "BEN DEFORD," *Sunday, Feb.* 1, 1863.
>
> *Brigadier-General Saxton, Military Governor, etc.:*
>
> GENERAL,—I have the honor to report the safe return of the expedition under my command, consisting of 462 officers and men of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, who left Beaufort on January 23, on board the steamers *John Adams*, *Planter*, and *Ben Deford*.
>
> The expedition has carried the regimental flag and the President's Proclamation far into the interior of Georgia and Florida. The men have been repeatedly under fire; have had infantry, cavalry, and even artillery arranged against them, and have, in every instance, come off not only with unblemished honor, but with undisputed triumph. At Township, Florida, a detachment of the expedition fought a cavalry company which met us unexpectedly on a midnight march through pine woods, and which completely surrounded us. They were beaten off with a loss on our part of one man killed and seven wounded, while the opposing party admits twelve men killed (including Lieutenant Jones, in command of the company), besides many wounded. So complete was our victory that the enemy scattered, hid in the woods all night, not returning to his camp, which was five miles distant, until noon next day—a fact which was unfortunately unknown until too late to follow up our advantage. Had I listened to the urgent appeals of my men, and pressed the flying enemy, we could have destroyed his camp; but in view of the darkness, his uncertain numbers, and swifter motions, with your injunctions of caution, I judged it better to rest satisfied with the victory already gained.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Nobody knows any thing about these men who has not seen them in battle. I find that I myself knew nothing. There is a fiery energy about them beyond any thing of which I have ever read, unless it be the French Zouaves. It requires the strictest discipline to hold them in hand. During our first attack on the river, before I got them all penned below, they crowded at the open ends of the steamer, loading and firing with inconceivable rapidity, and shouting to each other, "Never give it up!"

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.

WE publish on page 173 a portrait of the rebel General ROBERT E. LEE, commanding the rebel army on the Rappahannock. It is from a drawing recently made by Mr. Vizetelly, the correspondent of the London *Illustrated News*, and, as will be seen, differs very materially from the portraits which are current at the North, which are taken from old photographs made before the war.

Robert E. Lee was born in Virginia about the year 1808. He entered West Point, where he received the usual military education at the cost of the Government of the United States. He graduated honorably in 1829, and received an appointment as Second Lieutenant of Engineers. For eighteen years he served in the army, drawing the usual pay from the Government, and rising to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. In the Mexican war he was further honored by a brevet of Colonel, and on the appointment of Albert S. Johnston to the command of the Utah expedition, Lee succeeded him in command of the Second Cavalry. After filling this honorable and agreeable post in the military service of his country for several years, he crowned his career by deserting his flag at the moment of his country's sorest need. When the Richmond politicians passed what they called an Ordinance of Secession, Robert E. Lee threw up his commission, and accepted the rank of General in the rebel army.

In Mexico Lee had been Chief of General Scott's Staff, and won high praise for his skill. It was a common remark in our army, before the war, that "Bob Lee" was the ablest strategist we had. His first performances in the rebel army did not confirm his reputation: he was eclipsed for a time by both Beauregard and Johnston. After the latter was wounded, however, at Fair Oaks, Lee took the whole command of the rebel army in Virginia, and directed its operations during the seven days' battles before Richmond. He likewise led the rebels into Maryland, and commanded them at Antietam, and subsequently at Fredericksburg. At present he stands very high in their esteem.

THE REBEL GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

WE publish on page 173 a portrait of the famous rebel General THOMAS JEFFERSON JACKSON, better known as Stonewall Jackson, from a recent drawing by Mr. Vizetelly of the London *Illustrated News*.

Thomas J. Jackson was born in Virginia about the year 1825, and is consequently about thirty-nine years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and in the following year accompanied Magruder's battery to Mexico. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself so highly on the field that he was brevetted Captain for gallantry. At Chapultepec he again won laurels, and was brevetted Major for gallant and meritorious conduct. On his return from Mexico he was for some time in command at Fort Hamilton; but in 1842 he resigned his rank. At the outbreak of the rebellion Major Jackson was one of those Southerners who were greatly embarrassed to discover the true line of their duty. He had married a Northern wife, was an honorable and conscientious man, and long hesitated what course to pursue. It is stated that his father-in-law, a Northern clergyman, visited him, and urged him to remain faithful to his country and his flag. They spent several hours in prayer together, and Jackson confessed that the struggle was sore. But finally the pernicious doctrine of State Rights, which Jackson, like so many other gallant Southrons, had imbibed early in life, won the day: "I must go with Virginia!" he cried, and plunged headlong into the vortex of treason.

As a rebel officer he has been energetic, lucky, and skillful. At Bull Run he won his *cognomen* of "Stonewall" by promising Beauregard that his brigade should stand like a stone-wall before the enemy; the promise was kept. He fought Shields near Winchester, in March, with rather indifferent success. But his pursuit of Banks down the Shenandoah Valley was very successful, and infused some heart into the rebel cause. Again, in June, his attack on M'Clellan's right wing at Mechanicsville helped his fame among his people. At Cedar Mountain his design showed skill, but the steady courage of Banks's troops foiled his purpose.

When Lee invaded Maryland Jackson commanded a corps under him, and it was he who forced the little garrison of Harper's Ferry to surrender. He fought at Antietam, and again at Fredericksburg, but the glory of the latter victory was of course appropriated by his superior, General Lee.

It is beginning to be doubted whether Jackson really possesses claims to the reputation he enjoys. Some of our officers seem to think he is nothing more than a lucky soldier and a good disciplinarian.

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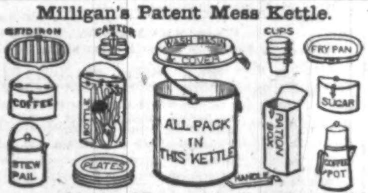

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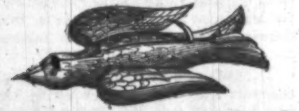

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NUMBER I.,

Which is introductory to the whole work, gives a history of the Colonization of the country which became the United States; a condensed sketch of the War of the Revolution, showing that Independence was won by the *United Colonies*, not by separate ones; that from the first we were a NATION in fact, though not in form; and that we never attained prosperity until a NATIONAL GOVERNMENT, not a mere Confederacy, was formally inaugurated. This is followed by a full narration of the Slavery Question, of the Compromises which grew out of it, and of the various infractions of these by fanatics and zealots on both sides; an account of the rapid rise of a Secession Party, consequent upon the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the feeble measures of Mr. Buchanan; closing with the formal Secession of South Carolina, which fairly opened the War.——This Number contains the following

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NUMBER II.

Details at length the circumstances connected with the Investment of Fort Sumter; the commencement of decided action by Mr. Buchanan, after his Cabinet had been purged from its traitorous members; the Seizure of Forts and Arsenals; the rapid Secession of the Gulf States; the Formation of a Confederate Provisional Government; the Inauguration of Mr. Lincoln; his Inaugural Address, and the early Measures of his Administration; closing with the Bombardment and Evacuation of Fort Sumter.——This Number contains the following

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Portraits of the Federal Officers at Fort Sumter.—Fort Sumter, seen from the Rear, at low Water.—Key of the Fort Moultrie Magazine.—Major Anderson's Candlestick.—Entry of Major Anderson's Command into Fort Sumter on Christmas Night, 1860.—Major Anderson's Quarters at Fort Sumter.—The Prayer at Sumter, Dec., 26, 1860.—Fac-simile of the Superscription and Frank of Senator Yulee's Letter.—Fac-simile of the Letter.—The United States Sloop of War "Brooklyn."—Lieutenant General Winfield Scott.—The Steam-ship "Star of the West."—Firing on the "Star of the West" from the South Carolina Battery on Morris's Island, January 10, 1860.—The First Flag of Truce.—Governor Pickens.—Jefferson Davis.—Alexander H. Stephens.—David E. Twiggs.—Abraham Lincoln.

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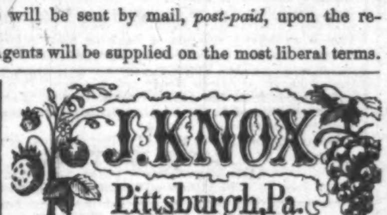

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